

The Sketch



C. HENTSCHEL. 59

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WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1896.

SIXPENCE
BY POST, 6½d.



THE LATE SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON (BARON LEIGHTON),
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

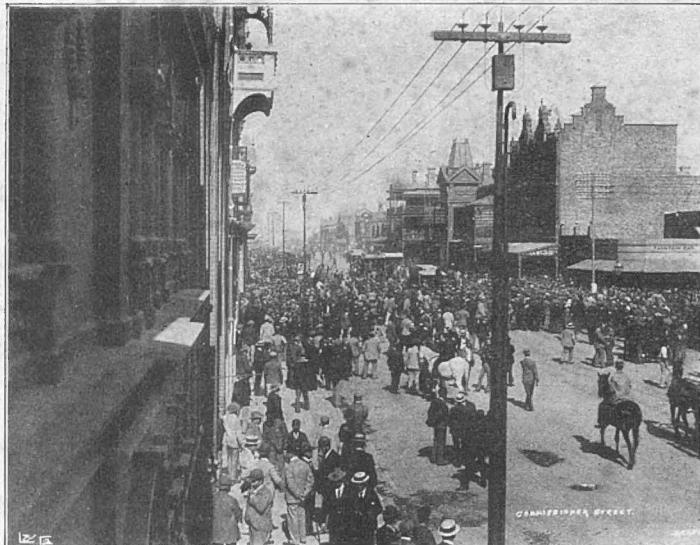
THE CRISIS IN JOHANNESBURG.

Photographs by Barnett, Johannesburg.

UITLANDER VOLUNTEERS MARCHING TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS.



THE CAMP AT YEOVILLE.



COMMISSIONER STREET, JOHANNESBURG.



THE CROWD IN SIMMONDS STREET.



GUARDING THE ROAD TO PRETORIA.

LORD LEIGHTON.

Our painter-peer has been taken from us, and he has had no opportunity of giving a really decorative touch to the red benches of the House of Lords. Questions which bear upon art do sometimes rise in Parliament, and are sadly maltreated there; it would have been Lord Leighton's privilege to give them an artistic aspect, and to impress upon his fellow-

can never fail to be impressed by the spirit that informed all his work. Pretty in the popular sense it could never be; he painted with a fastidious zeal of form and colour quite aloof from the symbols which commonly appeal to the public mind. His first picture, the procession of Cimabue's Madonna, exhibited forty years ago, proclaimed the atmosphere in which he laboured faithfully ever since. In 1860 he was an Associate, in 1869 an Academician, and in 1878, at the age of eight-and-forty, he became President of the Academy by virtue of gifts which



MISS BIRDIE SUTHERLAND, OF THE GAIETY THEATRE, NOW SUING THE HON. DUDLEY MARJORIBANKS FOR BREACH OF PROMISE.

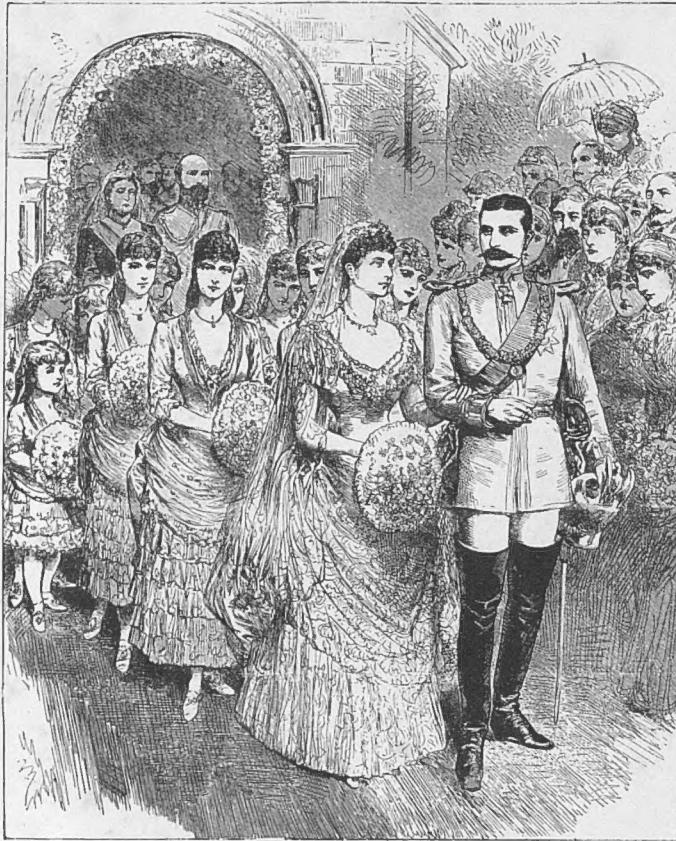
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. W. AND D. DOWNEY, EHRY STREET, S.W.

Peers the melancholy truth that beauty for beauty's sake is neglected among our national concerns. Whatever scoffers may have said of the Academy, nobody has ever denied that in Frederic Leighton the soul of art had a worthy dwelling. Some may have thought his method narrow; none disputed his devotion. From his boyhood, when the glories of Rome and Florence had subdued his imagination, he was an unfaltering worshipper at the shrine of the ideal. No worldly distinction ever abstracted him from this religion; year after year brought fresh evidence of unflagging toil. His hand turned from painting to sculpture because his love of the beautiful in decorative art was insatiable of new manifestations. Call him a great artist or not, you

stamped him as the ideal head of such a body. A scholar and an orator, he invested his official functions with the decorative quality which distinguished his painting. His speeches at Academy banquets may have been too ornate for modern taste; but they were always eloquent of a genuine elevation of mind; and to him words, like colours, were the ministers of the art he adored. There was always a pathos in the dignity, in a certain Olympian weariness, with which the President stood at the head of the staircase to receive the miscellaneous mob at the Academy *soirée*. In a sense, Frederic Leighton was out of touch with his time; all the more reason why his time, albeit with a certain shamefacedness, should deplore his death and honour his memory.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

Like another German Prince of whom marriage made an Englishman, the full value and sterling worth of Henry of Battenberg's character has only been realised after his sudden and unexpected death. There is nothing but good to be recorded of the dead Prince. Unassuming, courteous,



THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM LEAVING THE CHURCH.

Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News" of Aug. 1, 1885.

kindly of disposition, and excelling in many of those sports and pastimes dear to those among whom he had made his home, the Prince further possessed the rare merit and gift of self-effacement, coupled with a sensitive pride which made him ever willing to give rather than receive, for he at no time exerted his undoubted influence to obtain political or material advantages for his kindred.

Prince Henry undoubtedly inherited his good looks from his mother, the lovely Countess Julie von Hauke, daughter of a Polish Minister. Her marriage to the brother of the Grand Duke of Hesse and then Czarina of Russia was one of the European Court scandals of the early 'twenties, but it resulted, it must be added, in one of the happiest and most successful morganatic unions the world has ever seen; and when, in 1858, the Emperor of Russia bestowed the title of Princess of Battenberg on his still beautiful sister-in-law, she received letters of congratulation from every crowned head in Europe. This lady, who died only last year, lived to hear the term "brave as a Battenberg" become part of Bulgarian speech; she was a vastly clever woman, and held in great esteem by Queen Victoria.

Princess Beatrice first made the intimate acquaintance of her future husband when assisting at the marriage of her niece, Victoria of Hesse, to Prince Louis of Battenberg. This visit to Darmstadt was followed by another, and in the April of 1885 the engagement of the Queen's youngest daughter was made public.

None of those who were privileged to witness the simple though stately royal bridal at Whippingham will ever forget the scene. "The Island" was *en fête*. Soldiers lined the route between Osborne and the pretty village church where the wedding took place. A finer group than the bridegroom and his supporters, Alexander of Bulgaria and Prince Francis Joseph, would have been hard to find. For the first time on record the Queen entered with the bride and gave her away—a circumstance which showed the special affection felt by her Majesty both for her youngest child and her future son-in-law.

A week later, after a quiet honeymoon spent at Quarr House (Ryde), Prince Henry appeared at the Bar of the House of Lords, and, taking the oath of allegiance, assumed all the rights and privileges of a natural-born subject of her Majesty. How truly he fulfilled all the promises then made by him many can testify. Yachting soon became his favourite amusement, and the *Sheila*, a fine twenty-rater, especially

built to his order, was known all along the South Coast, where the Prince was personally popular among the fishermen and seafaring folk.

But, like the Victor of Slivnitz, his favourite elder brother, Prince Henry was, first and foremost, a soldier. He chafed under long inaction, and, obtaining permission from the Queen to join the Ashanti Expedition, started, in the best of health and spirits, on the 7th of last December, only six short weeks before the terrible news of his death from African fever reached the royal household, each member of which now mourns a kind and trusted friend.

The differences that divide nation from nation are forgotten in this moment of sorrow. The greatest sympathy is felt for the Queen and Princess. Messages of condolence were being received at Osborne from every mayor and corporation throughout the kingdom, from the Courts of the world, and from many private people. In fact, they were coming in shoals, and it takes the officials all their time to answer them.

MR. ANDREW LANG'S NEW NOVEL.

BY W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

Mr. Lang must forgive his old readers if they express their satisfaction with "A Monk of Fife" (Longmans) in almost a tone of surprise. While appreciating to the full his versatility, one might be pardoned for doubting whether the gift of romance-writing was included in it. But he has won a clear success in this field. This story is the poles apart from the ordinary historical novel. I could imagine that a kind of religious enthusiasm had inspired it: it is written to the praise and glory of The Maid who out of all history is the lady most of all after Mr. Lang's heart. Never for a moment does he permit us to feel his admiration is artificial and worked up for artistic purposes. For the kind of religious fervour that inspires it, and for its exquisite literary skill, this book must easily win a distinctive and honourable and permanent place. Mr. Lang has used few archaic forms of speech, but has maintained a severe simplicity that our present writing modes can rarely reach to—a very artful simplicity, but dictated by a mingled instinct of good taste and poetic feeling. The effect is astonishing. I know nothing quite like it in recent literature. The outlines are unerring. Life is transcribed by a living hand. I have turned back to read scenes and passages as I have very rarely done in any other romance. A quotation may justify the space it fills—

Then there shone behind him the flames from the blazing barge; and so, black against that blaze, he smote and slew, not knowing that the drawbridge began to burn.

On this, the Maid ran forth and cried to him—

"*Rends-toi, rends-toi!* Yield thee, Glacidas; yield thee, for I stand in much sorrow for thy soul's sake."

Then, falling on her knees, her face shining transfigured in that fierce light, she prayed him thus—

"Ah! Glacidas, thou didst call me ribaulde, but I have sorrow for thy soul. Ah! yield thee, yield thee to ransom." And the tears ran down her cheeks, as if a saint were praying for a soul in peril. Not one word spoke Glasdale; he neither saw nor heard. But the levelled spears at his side flew up, a flame caught his crest, making a plume of fire, and with a curse he cast his axe among the throng, and the man who stood in front of it got his death. Glasdale turned about as he threw; he leaped upon the burning drawbridge, where the last of his men were huddled in flight, and, lo! beneath his feet it crashed; down he plunged through smoke and flame, and the stream below surged up as bridge and flying men went under in one ruin.

I have chosen a passage that is proof of the vigour of the narrative. But the most distinctive portions are not such as tell the rough tale of battle, but those tenderer ones that shine with a light from Jeanne's halo.



THE WEDDING OF PRINCE HENRY AND PRINCESS BEATRICE.

Reproduced from the "Illustrated London News Royal Wedding Number" of July 27, 1885.

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MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER AS THE KING IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA,"

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

SMALL TALK.

The royal family are in the public eye, as they seldom are, when bereavement overtakes them. Prince Henry, of whom more is said on another page, had endeared himself to the Queen, and the heart of the nation goes out to her and her favourite daughter in this great sorrow.

I understand that the Prince of Wales has been invited to act as Commodore at the Douglas Bay Regatta, to be held on June 24. In the event of the Prince being unable to appear, it is highly likely that Lord Derby will deputise.

His Highness, by the way, has just graciously complied with a request to lend to the Berlin Industrial Exhibition Committee his many splendid prizes won in the yacht races at Cowes, besides those presented to him and to the Royal Yacht Squadron Club by the Emperor of Germany. These will, later on, be given to the London representative of the Exhibition, to be forwarded to Germany.

Lady Colin Campbell returns to her flat in Carlisle Mansions, after a long absence abroad. It cannot be said that she returns cured of her



THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

Photo by Walery, Regent Street, W.

malady—a very insidious variation of rheumatism. But, at any rate, Aix-les-Bains and Paris have done her some decided good; and she will drive daily in London, though as yet unable, without the aid of crutches, to walk.

There is a notable addition to the staff of ladies who contribute "Wares of Autolyceus" to the *Pall Mall*. In future, the Monday column will be supplied by Mrs. Hinkson, a lady whose hand is often to be recognised in the delightful "Occ. Verses" published in another part of the same paper.

Is tobacco bad? An old man in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, though an ardent smoker, would have been a hundred if he had lived until March 1. But he fired his bed one night with tobacco-ash, and that finished him, which leads me to say that—

This veteran smoked on his back, O!
(The weed has the charm of Monaco.)
At an age that was ripe
He stuck to the pipe,
Yet the cause of his death was tobacco.

Pembroke College, Oxford, has not reared very many distinguished men, although Dr. Johnson is a host in himself. But recently, if appearances are to be trusted, she has sent out another son to glorify that "nest of singing-birds," as the great lexicographer dubbed his college. And a very precious—I should say *precious*, "hardly precious, I fear"—alumnus the new notability is, for he is none other than the Rev. Cosmo Pretious ("Pre," as in preacher), who appears nightly in

Messrs. Brookfield and Philips's play, "A Woman's Reason," at the Shaftesbury. If his name is not on the books of Pembroke, that society should at once take steps to repudiate him; for in the last act he unblushingly sports the college colours on his cosmic straw hat. One wonders, did Mr. Brookfield wittingly contrive the jest, or was it the force of old association?

Mr. Fisher Unwin calls my attention to the fact that there are one or two trivial inaccuracies in the interview with him in the issue of the 15th inst. It would appear that Mr. Unwin was not the founder of the Society of Friends of Russian Freedom, that distinction belonging to Dr. Spence Watson, of Newcastle; and the Johnson Club was founded eleven years ago, on Dec. 13, 1884, the centenary of Dr. Johnson. It met for the first time at the Old Cock Tavern, the tavern on the north side of Fleet Street, which has since disappeared.

Miss Margaret Halstan, the latest promising recruit from the ranks of the amateurs to Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company, is lucky in being engaged as understudy for Trilby, and will be still more fortunate if she should gain anything like the success achieved by Miss Dorothea Baird. I retain very pleasant recollections of Miss Halstan's charming personality and fresh, emotional style from the special one-night performance of Miss Susie A. Raphael's four-act drama, "Beethoven's Romance," given at the Royalty Theatre, Dec. 1, 1894. In this play the part of Beethoven was filled by the clever young authoress's brother, Mr. John N. Raphael, acting under the name of John Ennar, and Miss Halstan appeared with marked success as Giulietta Guicciardi, a pupil of the great composer, with whom the latter was represented as being in love. That one performance convinced me of Miss Halstan's talent.

I was passing the Lyric Theatre, the other evening, with a young acquaintance of mine, who affects longish hair and shaven cheeks, and several hats were at once raised in the *queue* that stood patiently waiting for the doors to open on "The Sign of the Cross." He said, "They take me for Wilson Barrett." Then he went on to say that, while travelling in the Midlands recently, a porter treated him with an affability which startled him until his cicerone said, "Which hotel are you going to, Mr. Barrett?" On another occasion my friend was at a public dinner in the City. A perky youth approached him deferentially, and congratulated him on his articles in the *Star*. My friend had never written to the *Star* in his life, and said so. "Are you not Mr. Le Gallienne?" was the question, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could persuade the young man that he was not.

My attention has been called, by an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Bret Harte, to the fact that he was not included among distinguished American authors in some recent comments in these columns. Here, again, is an undoubtedly distinguished American author, and one, also, who elects to live out of his own country.

I do not like to see Tennyson maligned. Somebody has been mis-telling the anecdote of the Sandwiches. Tennyson is reported to have said to a footman at a garden-party, who carried round sandwiches, "Don't like those dry things," whereupon a lady sitting next to him remarked, "That's very rude." Now, the authentic tale is that Tennyson said to the hostess, "Do you usually make your sandwiches of old boots?" She received this not as rudeness, but as a stroke of Parnassian genius. The Laureate might deck his post with a similar flower of graceful badinage.

"Michael and his Lost Angel" vanished from the Lyceum on Saturday night, and now Mr. Oscar Barrett is running his pantomime, "Robinson Crusoe," in the evening as well as the afternoon. The transformation reminds one of the structure of coral reefs, for the St. Decuman's Isle has sunk, and in its place we have the dear old Juan Fernandez, where dwelt Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of the immortal Robinson.

Once was a fairy isle
('Twas quite non-geographic);
It held a saintly pile
In atmosphere seraphic.
And there a pious priest called Mike,
Came out to pray, but stayed to strike
A note distinctly Sapphic.
St. Decuman's the name
They gave this sacred strand O,
And Audrie was the dame
Who hunted out Orlando.
"I wish," said he, "to do what's right";
But then, "No boat will come to-night!"—
The rest you'll understand O.
The public stayed awry
From Mr. Jones's Arden;
The ethics of the play
They found they could not pardon;
They could not stand the parson chap;
They wiped it off the drama-map,
Like poor old Eden Garden.
Romance must reign, and so
Folk want dramatic candies;
Jones fell before Defoe,
Who ethics rarely bandies.
And thus, in place of L'Ile St. D.,
Submerged beneath an angry sea,
We tread Juan Fernandez.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER IN "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

I follow with interest the patriotic ebullitions of the American comic papers, though they are sometimes rather puzzling. For instance, in *Judge* I find defiant paragraphs addressed to England, with an intimation that, if there must be war for the Monroe Doctrine, it had better come soon. But in the same number of that amusing journal there is a



"THEY CAN'T FIGHT!"

Reproduced from "Puck."

Doctrine. While he is in office there is no such person as Mr. Cleveland or President Cleveland; he is simply Grover Cleveland. Will this point be submitted to arbitration, or will it be settled by the fiat of the Foreign Relations Committee of the American Senate?

Britons, let us beg the pity
Of that eagle-eyed Committee;
Ask it to withhold its thunder
From our melancholy blunder;
Say we didn't mean to blister
Cleveland with the style of Mister,
That we cry the ocean over,
"You're the prince of bosses, Grover!"
If at this his spirit winces,
Tell him he's the boss of princes;
Never shall the Muse of History
Wrap his noble name in mystery!

Mr. Henry James, though he has signed no authors' manifesto on one side or the other, ranks himself among the most determined opponents of the policy of President Cleveland.

Some of the English papers seem to find, in President Krüger's recent action, conduct of an almost saint-like character. To me, I confess, it appears more shrewd than saintly—indeed, the release of "Dr. Jim" and his men and the incarceration of the Johannesburg millionaires are, doubtless, excellently politic strokes. The latter, however, certainly smacks more of the doctrine of "The Walrus and the Carpenter" than of anything to be found in the "Lives of the Saints"—

"I mark each grievance," Krüger said,
"And with it sympathise";
Of Uitlanders he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
And marched them to Pretoria,
A comfortable prize.
"Oh, Uitlanders," I hear him say,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Won't you be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
He'd banished every one.

And, with respect to the last line, a good round fine will, in all likelihood, be added to the great "banished scene" now about to be played at the Theatre Royal, Pretoria. Where does the saintliness of the President come in, I wonder?

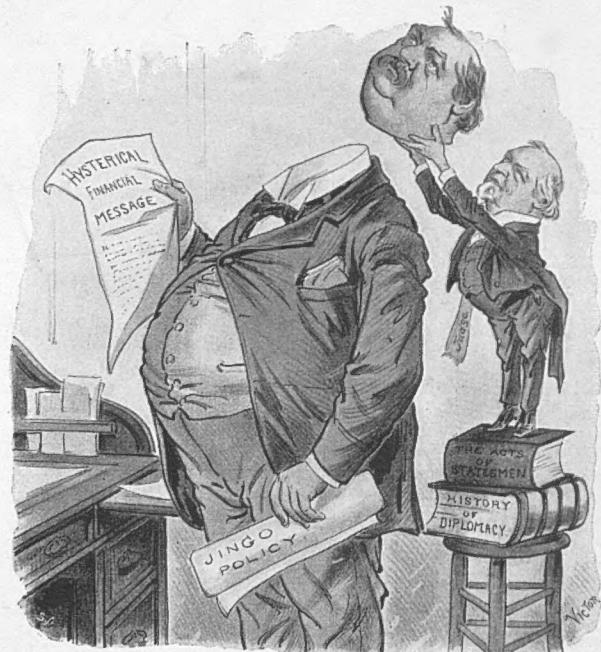
If the Maoris of Auckland, who have recently tendered themselves for guerilla service in the Transvaal, should we require them, are made of the same warlike material as their forefathers, they should form a valuable adjunct to a regular army. In the early part of the century the Maori braves not only slew their enemies, but ate them also, and, if I remember rightly, an English crew was demolished and disposed of in this manner in 1809. Thirty years later the Maoris showed their fighting qualities by beating and dispersing the Colonial police; and that wily and warlike chief Hone Heke, on three different occasions, lowered the British colours by cutting down the lofty flagstaff on which they flew, in spite of the guard who should have protected them. Between 1846 and 1864 we were continually trying to put down the repeated insurrections of this indomitable race, and leaders like Kingi and the courageous and skilful guerilla chieftain Te Kooti gave enormous trouble to a succession of British Governors and commanders. It was not till late in the 'sixties that the Maoris

quietly settled down under English rule; and though, like other native races conquered by the white man, they are, doubtless, disappearing, there are, without question, men enough left with the old war-fire within them to show the Boers, if necessary, that good fighters are not confined to South Africa.

In 1890 or 1891—I think the latter—it became pretty generally known—at any rate, in London—that Mr. E. F. Knight, the well-known yachtsman, was on the look-out for volunteers to go treasure-hunting. The volunteers were forthcoming, and in due time the expedition started, to encounter a pretty rough time, and to give the author of the enterprise an opportunity of writing a charming little history of his adventures. It eventually turned out that the island where this treasure was supposed to be concealed was that same barren and volcanic speck in the vast ocean which Mr. Knight had already described in his "Cruise of the 'Falcon,'" the Trinidad, seven hundred miles from the South American coast, which now represents the new nut that Great Britain has to crack. Brazil nuts are hard, I admit, but it is probable that we shall find it no harder than the other nuts which at the moment we are cracking in various quarters of the globe. If any of my readers are anxious to be acquainted with this disputed territory of Trinidad, I should recommend them to the pages of Mr. Knight's "Cruise of the 'Alerte,'" where they will find many interesting details of the treasure-seeking adventure to which I have referred.

The trouble with Brazil over the Rock of Trinidad reminds me how Mr. Rider Haggard once helped himself to crabs. In "The Cruise of the 'Falcon,'" the adventurous Mr. Knight described his adventures with the land-crabs of the Rock, most unpleasant creatures, big enough to eat men. Then Mr. Rider Haggard wrote a romance in which these crustacean monsters, as the *Daily Telegraph* would say, figured several sizes larger. Since then they have haunted the imagination of other story-tellers. In Mr. Wells's "Time Machine," the traveller who finds his way back to prehistoric ages encounters a gigantic crab on a lonely shore, and has just time to mount his machine and scurry through a few thousand years in a civilised direction before he is gobbled up. Personally, I have had a distaste for crab, as an article of diet, since I read Mr. Knight.

The "Life" of Cardinal Manning is causing, among Roman Catholic readers, a good deal of commotion. It is not easy to produce a book that pleases everybody. But a book that pleases nobody, if one may judge from the praises lavished on poor literature of all sorts, is an equally rare production. Mr. Purcell is something of an artist, therefore, for he has produced a "Life" of which you cannot hear among his fellow-religionists a good word. Mr. Purcell is an elderly journalist, with a fresh face and white hair. A generation ago he was a clerk in the Bank of England. He does not profess to have been ever a great friend or admirer of Cardinal Manning, who, nevertheless—or, perhaps, for that very reason—gave him some assistance for an account of the Anglican half of the Cardinal's career. When Manning died, his executors gave Mr. Purcell his papers, and then, repenting, tried to get



"HYSTERIC FINANCIAL MESSAGE."

Reproduced from "Judge."

them back by persuasion and by lawyer's letters. They did not proceed to extremities, however, and they awaited the result. Now that it has come they are more unhappy than ever. Cardinal Vaughan, too, is thoroughly dissatisfied with the book, to which he will devote a couple of pages of repudiation in the next number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

As a matter of fact, I believe that Cardinal Manning always hoped that Mr. Bodley, formerly secretary to Sir Charles Dilke, and to a Royal Commission on which the Cardinal served, would be his biographer for at least the portion of his life that related to public affairs.

On Monday last week the Carl Rosa Opera Company, for the first time for many years, made their reappearance in London at Daly's Theatre. The first performance which they chose to give was of "Tannhäuser," in which the company showed, at all events, a capability

of combination which was altogether admirable. Miss Ella Russell took the part of Elizabeth, and was energetically resolute to do her best. She sings with so much confidence and assurance that we even have some hesitation in saying that her conception of the part was strong rather than Wagnerian. Mr. Hedmondt was the Tannhäuser, and sang and acted with immense spirit and vigour. Mr. Ludwig took the part of Wolfram, and was received with a reasonable display of enthusiasm. The orchestra was careful and good.

"Carmen," on the Tuesday, was a charming demonstration that one may have no more than a merely adequate list of singers, but that

it is still possible to achieve, by the aid of a mutual sentiment and of a general desire to do one's best, a performance which may be in itself better than one graced by a *prima donna* of the first rank. Mdlle. Zélie de Lussan, for example, is assuredly no Madame Calvé; yet the company with which she acted was so combined in action as to make even the memory of such a Carmen as Calvé grow a little dim, not for its own sake, but for the sake of its surroundings. Miss Minnie Hunt's Michaela was an extremely pleasant impersonation. Mr. Paull's Escamillo was well sung and fairly well acted; but Mr. Barton McGuckin's José was not exactly all that we had expected. Once again, the orchestra was good.

The production of "Jeanie Deans" on the Wednesday, for the first time in London, was attended, naturally, with more excitement than was shown at former performances. The opera is the composition of Mr. Hamish MacCunn, a young musician of considerable promise in the past, whose promise has not, however, in the present been fulfilled completely. Mr. Joseph Bennett, indeed, who is the author of the libretto, has not given Mr. MacCunn the chance of doing anything very great; but it is to be put on record that the opera shows signs of immense laboriousness, of care, and of scrupulous attention. Madame Marie Duma as Jeanie Deans acted with sympathy and discretion, and sang

with taste and spirit. Mr. Hedmondt, as George Staunton, acted well, in an operatic kind of manner, and sang equally well. We cannot say that we approve of Mr. MacCunn's musical composition as regards this particular opera; but it is certain that all concerned did their best for the success of the work.

Mr. W. E. Elliot has turned entertainer. At a matinée held last week at the Royalty Theatre, in aid of St. Martin's Mission, Plaistow, he gave a musical sketch entitled, "Friday to Monday in a Country House." He is both the author and composer of this clever little skit, which gives a description of an up-to-date hostess and her heterogeneous collection of guests. Politician, prelate, play-actor, and parvenu sit side by side at the hostess's festive

board, so that sometimes, no doubt, it requires a good deal of diplomacy to keep the cart on its wheels. However, such a beautiful mixture has its advantages, we are told. They require no entertaining whatever; they amuse themselves. We can quite believe it—at any rate,

they amused us. The songs are excellent, and Mr. Elliot has a keen eye for the idiosyncrasies of smart society. By the way, this is not the first time we have seen Mr. Elliot preside at the piano in public. He was the original Jack Deedes in "A Pantomime Rehearsal."

Mr. Elliot is an old Etonian, and was a "Dry Bob," which, being translated, is a cricketer. At Cambridge he was the president and stage-manager of the A.D.C., and also distinguished himself as an athlete. He represented his university at Lillie Bridge in the long jump, of which he afterwards became amateur champion. He intends, I hear, fulfilling private engagements in his spare time, and has already had many offers, but, of course, can only accept those that do not in any way interfere with his more important duties on the stage.

Miss Ada Crossley, the young Australian contralto, who will be heard in the Albert Hall at the Patti Concert next April, is, like her famous *devancière*, Madame Melba, a native of Victoria. She competed for the musical scholarship founded by Sir William Clarke, which is open only to Victorians under twenty-one years of age, the successful candidate securing three years' free tuition at the London Royal Academy of Music. But, as is not infrequently the case with those



MADAME MARIE DUMA AS JEANIE DEANS.

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.



MISS ADA CROSSLEY.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

afterwards destined to achieve notable success in their profession, Miss Crossley came out only second-best in the competitive examination, and so had to content herself with the best home—that is, Melbourne—tuition; and better teaching, it may be added, is not often to be found, even in Europe.

Making her début in 1892, Miss Crossley soon became one of the most popular singers in Australasia. She shared, however, the ambition which possesses most Greater-Englanders, of making a success at "home," and after receiving brilliant "send-offs" from her Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide audiences, came to Europe in 1894, studying first in London with Mr. Charles Santley, and subsequently in Paris with Madame Marchesi, who has always been, by the way, singularly successful with both her American and her Australian pupils.

Miss Crossley made a successful London début at the Queen's Hall in May, and she has also since sung in most of the larger English and Scotch provincial centres. She has never had any *penchant* for opera, and intends to confine herself entirely to the concert-platform and oratorio, though her exceptionally charming personality and fine presence would probably go far to win her success on the stage. Some pretty valse also prove that Miss Crossley is not without claim to consideration as a composer. The subject of my sketch will not only appear with Madame Patti at the Albert Hall, but will also support the great *diva* in the provinces.



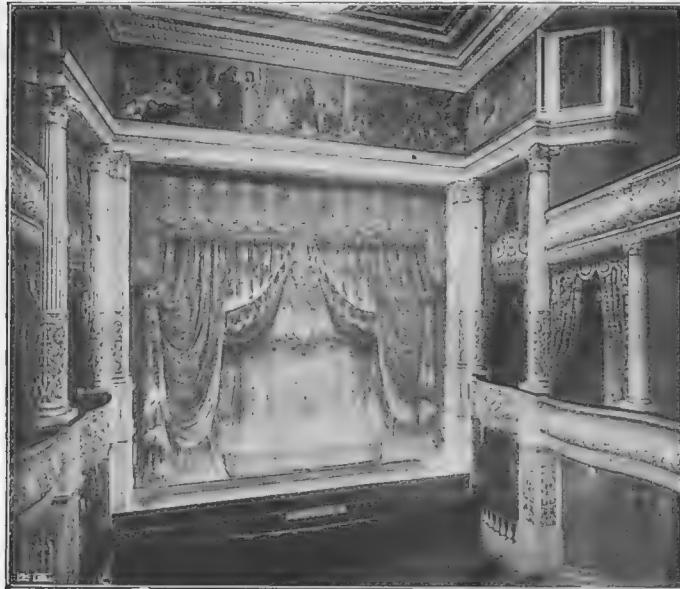
MR. W. E. ELLIOT.

Photo by Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

board, so that sometimes, no doubt, it requires a good deal of diplomacy to keep the cart on its wheels. However, such a beautiful mixture has its advantages, we are told. They require no entertaining whatever; they amuse themselves. We can quite believe it—at any rate,

Behind the scenes. How very fascinating it is to the outsider! But it is really quite prosaic, as you will find if you read the series of articles on modern theatre stages which Mr. Edwin O. Sachs—who recently produced an elaborate work on theatre-construction—is writing in *Engineering*.

Cambridge is greatly to be congratulated on the fine and well-appointed theatre which has at length been established in her midst. The Drama has not always met with a friendly welcome at Cambridge—



PROSCENIUM OF THE NEW CAMBRIDGE THEATRE.

Photo by Scott and Wilkinson.

at least, from the University authorities; we will say nothing of the students—but has rather been treated as a dangerous enemy to learning; and, if it was not possible to banish dramatic performances altogether, every obstacle was placed in the way of the establishment of a suitable theatre. It was owing to the courage and energy of Mr. Redfern, J.P., that, after the old Barnwell Theatre was closed in 1878, another house was built in the centre of the town, and he has been the moving spirit in the work of providing the present new and worthy building. It stands on the site of the old house, always uncomfortably crowded when any popular performance was given, and will accommodate about two thousand persons. Great care has been taken in the seating, so as to assure to everyone an excellent view of the stage. The interior decoration, which is in the style of the French Renaissance, has been carried out in a refined and artistic manner, and is entirely free from the common defect of heavy and overloaded ornament. The frieze is painted with a group of allegorical figures representing Declamation, Music, and Drama, while on either side are depicted the heroes and heroines of Shakspere's comedies and tragedies. The architect is Mr. Ernest Runtz, who lately designed the New Pavilion Theatre, Mile End, while the work of building and decoration has been carried out by Messrs. Colls and Sons, of London. The theatre was formally opened on Monday afternoon last week with a performance of "Hamlet," by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and his company; and an "Ode," written expressly for the occasion by Dr. Verrall, was recited by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree.

With regard to the revival of "The Colleen Bawn" at the Princess's, several members of the original London cast of this famous Boucicaultian stage-version of Gerald Griffin's novel, "The Collegians," are happily still living. First among them comes Mrs. Boucicault herself, who followed up her incomparable Eily O'Connor (first seen in England at the Adelphi, September 1860) with those other heroines, Zoe in "The Octocean," Jessie in "The Relief of Lucknow," Jeanie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian," Arrah in "Arrah-na-Pogue," and Moya in "The Shaughraun." Others are that worthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. John Billington, the Hardress and Mrs. Cregan of 1860, when also Edmund Falconer was the Danny Mann, Mrs. Alfred Mellon the Anne Chute, David Fisher the elder, Kyrle Daly, and, of course, the irrepressible Dick the Myles na-Coppaleen. Like "The Colleen Bawn," Sir Julius Benedict's melodious operatic version of the same, "The Lily of Killarney," still deservedly holds the boards.

With reference to the much-vexed question as to what constitutes "a principal part," or "the principal part," in pantomime, a friend of long experience in such matters reminds me that, in the pantomime given some eight-and-twenty years back at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Liverpool, unquestionably the most important character was that of Cinderella's page-boy, sustained by Mr. Brinsley Sheridan, an Irish comedian for years immensely popular in the North of England.

There is something noteworthy in the fact that the *tableaux vivants* at the Palace Theatre have survived the fashion. When the other halls, startled by the success of the Kilyani tableaux, all indulged in living

pictures, it seemed certain that nothing would be left after the boom save the mere recollection and some increase in dividends, or diminution. However, the other night the seventh series of new tableaux was given at the lovely house in Shaftesbury Avenue, and enjoyed an enthusiastic reception. I am glad to say that the nude pictures have been reduced in number—for there is no art and too much artifice in the young ladies with artificial allurements and wrinkles round the neck—yet "La Source" caused hearty clapping.

At the Palace I met a friend, an artist by profession, merchant by instinct, who always preaches high art and practises low, and he was eloquent, in an invertebrate fashion, about the lack of *facture*, atmosphere, chiaroscuro, &c., in the tableaux. Perhaps he was right; certainly he was wrong. You must choose subjects that will give pleasure, and technique plays little part in them; but several of the new set may give a novel idea of taste to the gentleman in a "bowler" with a briar; and though he applauded at the wrong moment, he had some pleasure in the "Spring" picture, which may save him. The tact shown in choosing the "Defence, not Defiance," picture of Britannia, by Sir John Tenniel, for the patriotic subject, deserves much admiration.

To me the most noteworthy thing is the music by Mr. Alfred Plumpton. A more difficult task than that of writing a hundred bars or so of descriptive—one may say programme music, to a dozen different subjects can hardly be imagined; but Mr. Plumpton succeeded in inventing themes wonderfully appropriate, and orchestrating them with great skill.

All talk of ill-health notwithstanding, an American season of fifty performances, commencing at New York early in February, has been arranged for Eleonora Duse. The Italian actress's repertory will include "Magda," recently presented to American playgoers by Madame Modjeska, and made extremely familiar to London audiences last summer by the almost synchronous performances given by Duse herself, Sarah Bernhardt, and the Saxe-Coburg and Gotha Company.

A transatlantic professional paper has started a "Most Popular Actress in America" competition, the prize destined for the successful lady being a splendid bicycle. When the latest advices reached me, the poll was headed by Caroline Miskel Hoyt, said to be the owner of the finest collection of sapphires in the States, and now "starring" in "A Contented Woman," one of the latest plays by her husband, Charles H. Hoyt, called by some admirers "the American Dickens," as being a great observer of character. Mrs. Hoyt was followed at some distance by Miss Lillian Russell and such sprightly ladies as May Irwin, Fay Templeton, Pauline Hall, and Delia Fox. Miss Ada Rehan came only eighth on the list, and the celebrated emotional actress, Clara Morris, was very low down indeed. Our national *amour propre* should be flattered in that, despite their being merely immigrants, both Miss Billie Barlow and Miss Ellaline Terriss, who were in the States when the competition opened, took creditable positions on this roll of 'cross-the-footlights fame.

"The Prude's Progress," despite its aggressive title, is very popular with amateurs. A very good performance of it was given at Folkestone



MISS ELLA JACKSON AS NELLY MORRISS IN "THE PRUDE'S PROGRESS."
Photo by R. Lang Sims, Folkestone.

the other evening, with Miss Ella Jackson as Nelly Morrise, Mr. Arthur Hare as Ben Dixon, Captain Redlow as Cherry, and Miss Ibbetson as Mrs. Ben Dixon.

I was dining in a French café, the other night, when a black cat jumped on the table, with the intention of raiding the plate of a Frenchman, who sat opposite me. He held up his finger warningly, and said in French, "Get down, Jameson!"

Chess in America seems to be in a thriving condition, if one is to judge from the interest shown by the transatlantic Press in the recent inter-collegiate tournament, which resulted in a win for Harvard by half a point. Columbia, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton sent each two representatives, who had to play one game with each of the players from the sister colleges, six games in all. The final score was : Harvard, 8½; Columbia, 8; Princeton, 4; and Yale, 3½. The last day's play must have been rather exciting, for it practically resolved itself into a tie-match between Harvard and Columbia; and it must have been difficult work, if the *New York Herald's* report is anything like accurate, for, says the oracle, "Price, of Columbia, looked so much like a winner that some of the veterans began to shout for that college." 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! I have played chess in a railway-train, on a mountain-top, in a chess-room overhanging Ludgate Circus, amid the clatter of *Krüge* in a German *Bierkeller*, in the muffled hum of the street that fills the airy Divan known to the cognoscenti as Simpson's; but never have I played (and never may I have to play!) in the midst of a cheering crowd. What was it Omar the Tent-maker wanted? Bread, wine, and a book in the shade, wasn't it? I accept his choice, with the

the patients, and consequently the expenses, increase week by week, the annual revenue does not show a like augmentation. In the endeavour to increase the New Building Fund, the Committee of the Hospital have decided to organise a Festival Ball in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. I am sure that Mr. Arthur Cheatle, 117, Harley Street, or Dr. Gerard Carre, 16, Bryanston Street, W., will be glad to give my readers any information.

Apropos of the view of Cape Coast Castle which appeared in a recent issue, a correspondent writes—

Cape Coast is not now the seat of the Government of the Gold Coast, as you say. It was so some years ago, but, owing to so much sickness through malaria, caused by the decay of the vegetation, which grows in inconceivable abundance in the hot, damp climate of West Africa, the Government removed their quarters from the bush-grown locality of Cape Coast to the grass-surrounded town of Accra (Christiansborg). Nearly all the other towns are closely hemmed in with dense vegetation, which grows, rots, and kills. If the owners were compelled to keep their land clear of useless bush for about three miles round each town, the land would be placed in a cultivable condition, and there would not be nearly so much poison or malaria. Because this is not done, English homes are made desolate.



INTER-COLLEGIATE CHESS MATCH IN THE UNITED STATES.

proviso that, on occasions, a chess-board be substituted for the book. Quiet is a prime essential for the enjoyment of chess—or, indeed, for the successful conduct of a game, especially if, as was the case in this four-sided match, the result depends on a single game. The players of this *parti* must have realised this need, for they delayed their moves so long that the referee had to step in and adjudicate. His verdict was—a draw. And so Harvard won by the odd half. From a cursory examination of the games published, one comes to the conclusion that the American college players wouldn't stand much chance with our Oxford and Cambridge chessists, whose annual match is due in Boat-Race week.

I don't think it is generally known that the Royal Ear Hospital in Soho was the first institution in the world for the treatment of diseases of the "auricular organ," as the country reporter would insist on saying. It was founded in 1816. Since then ear-surgery has made enormous advances, and, besides, the vast increase in the population of London has rendered it imperatively necessary that the hospital should be re-housed in larger premises, in order that its sphere of usefulness may be extended to meet the increased requirements. Accordingly, a special New Building Fund was recently started, but it has increased slowly. The income of the hospital is much crippled, and though the number of

I speak from experience, having resided on the West Coast of Africa for two terms of fifteen months each, being well acquainted with the country from Cape Coast Castle to Prah River. Men may recover from their wounds, but a man who has undergone the Coast fever will never, through all his life, be the same man again.

A distinctly original idea is to be noted in connection with the International Beauty Competition that is to be held next summer in the neighbourhood of Barcelona. With a view to obviating all suspicion of undue partiality on the part of any too-impressionable male judges, the "placing" of the rival beauties will be entrusted to a jury of ladies (of matrons, for all I know). It would be vastly funny if one could sit and listen to these jurors' comments on their competing sisters' "points" in face and figure.

We are hearing so much just now of a tax on cycles, that it may be apropos to note that at Lille, where such a tax is in force, the petty sum of 10,000 francs, representing 1000 wheelers at 10 francs a-head, accrued to the funds of the municipality last year. Rather small, this, for a city of some 200,000 inhabitants. A larger amount could be raised on the same scale in any two London Parliamentary boroughs, or, it may be, in any one of our smaller towns.

Who dares to say that *The Sketch* is not a family paper? Why, in this week's issue I give a nurseryful of little folk. On this page there is quite a galaxy of young people, right opposite there is another crowd; and a little further on you will find pictures of the remarkable boy-actor, Master Stewart Dawson. I should like to say something about each of these young folk.

Miss Jessica Black (*atæt.* eleven), who plays the granddaughter in "Gaffer Jarge," at the Comedy Theatre, is truly a wonderful child-actress. She is so completely natural, and the intonation of her voice is so full and agreeable, while her attention to the "business" of her part is as constant as it is clever.

Three years ago she made her débüt under Isabel Bateman at Whitehaven, as the Duke of York in "Jane Shore"; then as little Nellie in "Green Bushes," making a decided hit in playing that part, and afterwards scoring as little Leah in "Leah." Under Mr. Henry Dundas, Jessica Black toured as young Frank Temple in "Human Nature." In "The Derby Winner" she essayed the part of Viscount Fernside, both at the Princess's and in the provinces, and the marvellous power she used to throw into her cry of "Mother! Mother!" in the Bedroom Scene never failed to thrill the house. Her next engagement was as the drummer-boy Jack in "Tommy Atkins," at the Duke of York's, in which play many readers may remember her touching rendering of the lines: "He did not teach me to pray like that. He taught me to say, 'God bless and guard my suffering mother'"; and there is the same touch of strong humanity as she prays beside her grandfather's knee in "Gaffer Jarge." Jessica Black inherits her talent from and owes her careful tuition to her father, Mr. Kenneth Black, the whilom Camillo in the "Winter's Tale." Jessica's full, round voice and her splendid ear for delivery are doubtless, too, family gifts. Her aunt, Helen Kirke, a very fine contralto, was often styled the "Queen of Scottish Song." I am glad to say that, with all the praise bestowed on her by the Press, Jessica is not a bit spoilt, but walks the stage of life as she does that of the footlights—a clever, quite unaffected, and charming child.

At this time of year, children's fancy-dress balls are all the rage. Herewith I give portraits of Masters Charlie and Jackie Hamlyn, who figured at a ball given by the Mayor of Exeter; while at our own Lord Mayor's festival Masters Gerald and Ronald Morrison symbolised Paddy and John Bull, which, I take it, is an earnest of the time when St. George's Channel will be a divider by water and nothing else.

Here are Paddy and John Bull
Hand in hand:
They are only boys at school,
Understand.
Yet their little bit of play
Is a symbol of the day
When all hate will pass away
From their tie.
In the good time coming
There will be the best of chumming,
In the good time coming
By-and-by.



MASTER CHARLIE HAMLYN AS AN AUSTRIAN HUSSAR.

Photo by Scott and Sons, Exeter.

On the opposite page I give groups of the children who took part in the operetta "Giant Demdyke, or The White Cat," at Folkestone the other day. Written by Rev. C. Kent and composed by G. F. Huntley, it is a story of fairyland, the characters all bearing quaint names, King of Corona, Prince Rudolph—not of Ruritania, but of Kiamec—Princess Rosebud, Fairy Silverbell. Snorum is the appropriate name of the chief of the imps, and Snip is the Giant's baby. The scenery was charming, and the little actors acquitted themselves well, special praise being due to Miss Audrey Rogers as the Fairy Silverbell. The "Tom Tit" song and "Is Love a Dream?" were introduced from "An Artist's Model," and the whole thing was eminently successful. The proceeds went for defraying the cost of Christmas entertainments for the poor, and could childhood be better utilised than in alleviating suffering?



MASTER JACKIE HAMLYN AS A SPANISH MATADOR.

Photo by Scott and Sons, Exeter.



PADDY AND JOHN BULL.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.



MISS JESSICA BLACK.

Photo by Kuroly, Nottingham.

obituary notice speaks the truth, she was but two years old! Peace to her ashes! an excellent actress and a genuine woman has passed from among us.

The biographer of the late Anna Kingsford says it is ribald and blasphemous to criticise a book which is a divine revelation. As no reviewer wishes to fall into this grievous sin, it would be well for the publishers of biographies inspired by heaven to mention this in the advertisement. Even then there might be an outbreak of heresy, for some critics are capable of asserting that they have a celestial inspiration too.

More stories of ignorant examinees. Two silly lads, writing essays on the Tower Bridge, alluded to the now familiar bascules as "basilisks" and "bastilles" respectively.

A CHILDREN'S OPERETTA.

Photographs by R. Lang Sims, Folkestone.

"A WOMAN'S REASON," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

"A Woman's Reason"—with its curious-titled three acts: "Because I must"; "Because I will"; "Because I do"—by Messrs. C. H. E. Brookfield and F. C. Phillips, has succeeded at the Shaftesbury Theatre. Its character is recognisable in the cast—

Lord Bletchley	MR. CHARLES BROOKFIELD.
The Rev. Cosmo Pretious	MR. HENRY KEMBLE.
Captain Crozier	MR. COGHLAN.
Stephen D'Acosta	MR. LEWIS WALLER.
Algie	MASTER STEWART DAWSON.
Mr. McGeorge	MR. HAMILTON KNIGHT.
Martin Tutt	MR. E. J. MALYON.
James	MR. LESLY THOMSON.
Footman	MR. CHARLES GOODHART.
Lady Bletchley	MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON.
The Hon. Nina Keith	MRS. TREE.
Agatha Pretious	MISS MAUDE MILLETT.
Curtice	MISS VIOLET STEVENS.
Leah D'Acosta	MISS FLORENCE WEST.

The play is much more of a piece with the dramas with which Mr. Waller and Mr. Morell started their campaign, namely, "An Ideal Husband" and "The Home Secretary," than "The Manxman," which failed to draw. It is amusing, and it bristles with epigrammatic sayings which make the listener's ears tingle with pleasure. The Shaftesbury company has been very much strengthened by the introduction of Mrs. Tree as leading lady, while Miss Florence West has seldom done anything as good as Leah D'Acosta, and the play furnishes a rare surprise in a totally new actor. The little boy who plays the part of Algie D'Acosta—Master Stewart Dawson—is the most wonderful child-actor that has been seen on the London stage for many years. There is nothing unnatural about him, nothing out of place, as there is with almost all miniature mummery. It isn't acting. It is just the natural child with the ability to be natural in make-belief.

It is not very often that the interviewer can take the interviewed on his knee, but, in the case of *The Sketch* representative and Master Dawson, the arrangement was not only possible, but conducive to free and easy talk. It is true the wee man is mercurial, all life and motion; but he receives the Press with dignity becoming the great profession he represents, condescending, in due time, to occupy the knee of literature.



LORD BLETCHLEY (MR. C. H. E. BROOKFIELD).

"Love marriages are, no doubt, an excellent institution in thinly populated rural districts."

Master John Stewart Dawson is the son of the well-known actor of the same name, who is now, unfortunately, an invalid. The young man is quite clear on his relationships, like the proverbial "wise child," but he does not stop at counting kin with his father. "Miss Kate Phillips is my aunt," he confessed; "and this is my Cousin Beryl," he added,

introducing me to Miss Beryl Ammersley, who, with infinite patience, was engaged in "making up" her small charge.

"Now," I said, seriously, "tell me, Jack, were you, like all great actors, first intended for a solicitor?"

"Oh, no," he answered, with equal gravity; "I don't know what I was intended for. I hadn't even thought of the stage before I came here. I had never acted before. Auntie Kate mentioned me for the



STEPHEN D'ACOSTA (MR. LEWIS WALLER).

"She can't have gone."

part, Mr. Waller and Mr. Morell tried me, and so I was engaged. Do you know, Mr. Waller and Mr. Morell and Mrs. Tree, and everybody else in the company, are always giving me such a lot of toys?"

"I wish I had a Mr. Waller and a Mr. Morell," sighed the scribe. "And how long were you rehearsing, Jack?"

"About three weeks. I learned my words partly off the book and partly I was taught them. I said them to mother, and to Mrs. Tree, and to Mr. Waller and Mr. Morell, and to nearly everybody, I think."

Then, in a voice like a mellow flute, my little friend began to declaim his lines.

"Was it hard to learn exactly how loud to speak?" I asked.

"Oh, no; just once I was told to speak out a little, that was all."

Yes, I reflected, that is all; for the charm of the voice is that it is perfectly natural. There is nothing forced or stagey, nothing "got up," about the little man's elocution.

"You played before the Prince of Wales the other night, I think?"

"So I believe; but I take no notice of anybody in front. There is just one thing I take notice of—to get my words right. You know," he said, drawing himself up to all the height of his eight years, "I bring down the curtain on the second act."

Had it been good for my small friend to say so, I could have suggested that he brings down something more than the curtain, but it would be a crime to destroy his delightful unconsciousness. He prattled away merrily of his business—how, "on my first entrance, I rush into Mr. Waller's arms, and he lifts me up—high!" and how he builds his bricks and discusses the mysteries of being "cut off with a shilling."

"There," he said at last, as a sound of moving scenery was heard, "they're shifting now."

His tie was obstinate; even "Cousin Beryl's" kind fingers found a boy's knot difficult, so Jack came to me, and I put the last touch to his toilet, before he skipped downstairs to be inspected, preparatory to his entrance.

"Very soon," said his cousin, "Jack must learn to make himself up"; but the young man did not seem to relish the threatened separation from his devoted lady-in-waiting. He told me, indeed, that he had thoughts of marrying her. He is certainly a child wise beyond his years.



ALGIE (MASTER DAWSON) AND HIS AUNT LEAH (MISS FLORENCE WEST).

"I shouldn't call father a baby exactly, but he's very nice all the same."



ALGIE.

"You see, you're not an architect."



ALGIE AND HIS MOTHER (MRS. TREE).

"How much do you love, mother?"



ALGIE AND HIS FATHER (MR. WALLER).

"Grandfather says if I went into the City he'd cut me off with a shilling, or something."



MISS PRECIOUS. (MISS MAUDE MILLETT).

"I'm making Rameses II. my dead snip."



LEAH D'ACOSTA.

"You've never had a real honeymoon."



MRS. D'ACOSTA AND CAPTAIN CROZIER (MR. COGHLAN).

"To see you happy and at peace!"



STEPHEN, MRS. D'ACOSTA, AND CAPTAIN CROZIER.

"By God, Crozier, I'll kill you!"



STEPHEN AND LORD BLETCHELEY.

"I do believe he's going to lend me a monkey!"



STEPHEN AND HIS WIFE.

"I know you can't understand."



LORD AND LADY BLETCHELEY (MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON).

"I say, Vi, how are you off for stuff?"



MRS. D'ACOSTA AND LEAH.

"I refuse to leave your house!"



MISS PRECIOUS AND HER FATHER (MR. HENRY KEMBLE).

"I do believe I've skinned the lamb."



MRS. D'ACOSTA AND HER MAID (MISS VIOLET STEVENS).

"I shall go at once, Curtice."



MRS. D'ACOSTA AND CAPTAIN CROZIER.

"There is no time to think."



LEAH AND MR. PRECIOUS.

"The proceeds go to the Vicarage Improvement Fund—we sadly need re-papering."

JAN. 29, 1896

THE SKETCH.

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THE ART OF THE DAY.



RUSTIC CHILDREN.—GAINSBOROUGH.

FROM THE NEW SERIES OF PICTURES IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, PUBLISHED BY THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

ART NOTES.

Here is an announcement which should shake the nations: "Professor Herkomer claims that he can convert a painted surface into a plate suitable for printing without the intervention of photography, or any of those preliminaries of biting, rocking, and other technicalities which have for so long deterred the painter from taking to etching or mezzotint-engraving. He will now be able to be his own interpreter in black and white, with the full assurance that his direct touch and original idiosyncrasy will for the first time reach the public."

We may frankly confess that we have no earthly idea as to what Professor Herkomer really means. It seems that the intervention of photography has nothing to do with this wondrous invention of these



FRANCIS I., WITH THE ATTRIBUTES OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

A Specimen of the Work of the Milanese School, in the Exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy.

later years; at the same time, he will present to the public a result which contains all the essential elements of original oil-painting translated, presumably, into black and white. We naturally wonder if Professor Herkomer has ever heard of the art of the lithographer, or if he can seriously persuade us into seeing a responsible connection between photography and etching. Yet this connection was sometime a paradox; but the times, as in "Hamlet," do give it proof, and Professor Herkomer is the demonstrator. Nevertheless, we must wait for the great invention before a final judgment.

Within the last two or three weeks, we have made complaint concerning the admirable little lions, the work of Alfred Stevens, which have entirely disappeared from the railings which once graced the front of the British Museum; and, once more, we ask, Whither have they gone? Here was, literally, a little collection of artistic things designed by the only modern English sculptor of whom we have any divine right to boast, and that collection has apparently been swept away in the interests of a vandalism with which nobody of intelligence can have the slightest sympathy. We say "apparently," because it may be in the intention of the powers that be to restore these admirable works to their original position. We can only hope devoutly that this may be the case; then the song of lament may be changed into one of joy. At present we continue lamenting.

The poster, the poster, and nothing but the poster. Mr. Gleeson White is the latest expounder of its possibilities and of its limitations. He lectured the other day at the Society of Arts upon this very important question of public art, amid appropriate surroundings, for the walls were decorated with an admirable selection of posters, which would have been more admirable still if the selection had been somewhat more exclusive than it actually was. Mr. White's contention, that the lettering of a poster stands as one of the most important among its artistic elements, is to be commended and upheld at every point. It is their wretchedly vulgar lettering which destroys the artistic value of most of the posters which greet the eye of the Londoner on his walk through the streets. Mr. White might even make this the sole point upon which to

expend his energies. He emphasised the necessity of fine colour and defined purpose; this we all knew before. He cannot emphasise too strongly the fact that lettering, being part of the composition, needs also to be in itself not only well designed, but also well placed.

The exhibition of Japanese prints at the Goupil Gallery is one which nobody who cares an iota about colour and design in art should permit himself to miss. They deal entirely with landscape, and their range travels from whirling waters in their turmoil to the bleak, bare, peaceful trees of winter. Here, too, is the busy life of the town, and the no less busy animal life of the fields. Birds, beasts, and fish crowd the imagination; yet there is no niggling of detail, no vulgarity or commonness of sentiment; all is dignified, refined, and pleasing. Most of the prints are after Hiroshige; the colour is delightful, and the vitality of every one among them is memorable and appealing.

The French, even as business men of art, are wiser in their generation than we English children of fog. We all have raved, it is true, and rightly raved, over the boom in lithography, of which Mr. Whistler is probably the greatest living exponent, whose exhibition at the Fine Art Society will remain as a landmark in the lithographic art, will mark a term and make a record. But it is a French firm which, recognising the possibilities of such a boom, has, without any hesitation, rented the Doré Gallery for the purpose of lithographic exhibition. We trust that Le Mercier and Co., the firm which has taken this step, will reap the reward of their commendable boldness.

The picture of "St. John the Baptist," a work of the Milanese school, now exhibiting in the fourth room at the Old Masters' Exhibition at the Royal Academy, and reproduced in our columns, is, in reality, a portrait of Francis I, King of France. It is a beautiful and dignified picture, fine and flowing in its lines, and, in the original, of charming and distinguished colour. The face, it will be noticed, is



IN THE GARDEN OF HOLLYHOCKS.—GEORGE CARTER.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy.

extremely like the splendid face of St. John the Baptist in Raffaele's "Ansidei Madonna," no doubt a traditional likeness; and thus the King's desire to pose with the attributes of that saint seems justifiable enough. We also reproduce "In the Garden of Hollyhocks," by George Carter, which has been exhibited at the Royal Academy; it is a gravely gay picture, with dignity in its lines and completeness in its composition.



"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peeped in and out."



MR. JONES: Poor Alice seems quite reconciled to her husband's death.

MISS SMITH: Yes; and however she can be with such horrid-fitting mourning is something I can't understand.

MISS FAY DAVIS.

Sometimes a "side-show" will take the shine out of the main exhibition, grand as it may be, of which it forms a part. Similarly, to an episode in a story not necessarily an integrant portion of the plot, whether described within the covers of a book or played before the footlights, there attaches often a superlative interest.

The love scene between Mr. Kilroy (Mr. Wyndham) and Zoe Nuggetson (Miss Fay Davis) in "The Squire of Dames" gives point to these remarks. If you were to cut the young American heiress out of the story altogether, no link in the chain of events would be found wanting.



MISS FAY DAVIS.

Photo by Bullingham, South Kensington, S.W.

In other words, the character of Miss Zoe Nuggetson is only an appendage; but the sparkling brilliant hanging on a necklace may be styled the same.

The dialogue between Mr. Kilroy and Zoe is an exquisite piece of smart writing and of light-comedy acting. Never have I seen Charles Wyndham to better advantage, except as David Garrick perhaps; while Miss Davis justifies in every way the expectations of those who, when she was a reciter only, urged her to adopt the dramatic profession, prophesying that she would attain success.

As you chat with the young actress in her mother's drawing-room, it strikes you that there is a greater amount of *spirituel* nature about her than is generally to be observed in her countrywomen, for Miss Fay Davis is an American hailing from a New England State. She had recited for close on three years in the States of America lying this side of the Mississippi before she came over here last season, on the advice of Mrs. Kendal, Madame Nordica, and others whom she counts among her friends. At once, and wherever she opened her lips, the verdict was unanimous. Mr. Wyndham heard her at the Loraine Benefit, when her recital of "The Tiger Lily" led to his engaging her services for the run of "The Squire of Dames."

Miss Fay Davis's recitation répertoire includes some fifty or sixty excerpts, culled from Shakspere down to the latest of writers. Some of her favourite authors are T. B. Aldrich, James Whitcomb Riley, Eugene Field, and John Boyle O'Reilly. Mr. Charles Cartwright, having heard her recite Mrs. Browning's "Rhyme of the Duchess May," offered her the rôle of Blanche Ferraby in "Her Advocate," but Mr. Wyndham had a day or two before engaged her for the Criterion Theatre.

With the prudence seldom found attached to dramatic inexperience, Miss Davis will give no expression as to the scope and direction of her ambitions. On one point, however, she is less reticent—in her desire to explain to you that she is no mere dialect reciter. Indeed, except as a specimen of vernacular literature, she has little love for prose or poetry of this order. And so foreign to her eclectic tastes is the "American drawl," that she hesitated considerably before accepting her present engagement, lest she should perchance be identified exclusively with the conventional Yankee girl, and so risk losing other engagements. Miss Fay Davis is daily adding other hosts of friends by her gentle manners, her charming personality, and her conspicuous talent.

IN THE SAHARA.*

Taflet, "where the dates come from," as Charley's Aunt would say, was the goal of Mr. Harris's ambition in his recent travels. His route was from Saffi, on the west coast of Morocco, by way of Marakesh, and thence across the Atlas Mountains. Disguised in native costume, and able to talk Arabic, Mr. Harris passed muster everywhere as a devout Moslem. This does credit to his tact, and results in advantage to his readers. Referring these to the more scientific accounts of the geology, botany, and other natural features of Morocco which are given in the works of Hooker and Ball, and of the late Joseph Thomson, Mr. Harris dwells chiefly upon the human and personal, supplying interesting pictures, both by pen and pencil, of the various tribes whose turbulence the late Sultan was at such pains to quell.

From the country, we pass beneath the gateways of the chief towns—Marakesh, or Morocco City, Fez, Rabat—and find ourselves enlightened as to the life which gathers there, and the buildings in which it shelters. Some of the dwellings of wealthier folk fall little short of the Alhambra in beauty, and the fine Kutuba at Marakesh vies in stately grandeur with its sister tower, the famous Ghirada at Seville. But the cities are whitened sepulchres, whose corruption spreads over the whole land. Of this Mr. Harris tells many a tale, nor is the remedy easy to find. The latter part of his narrative is filled with an account of his visit to the camp of the late ruler, Mulai el Hassen, whose expedition against the rebellious tribes of the south was then in full swing. The good offices of the well-known Kaid Maclean, who was attached to the Sultan's suite, secured Mr. Harris a reception which, otherwise, might have had unpleasant results.

Very graphic are the pages in which Mr. Harris tells of the death of Mulai el Hassen. On his return journey, the anxieties, the alternating cold and heat, and the fatigue which he had undergone, aggravated organic disease, and the Sultan "made his entry into Rabat in a coffin at the dead of night." Only a chosen few knew what had happened, for had the event been made public, the harassing tribes would have attacked the leaderless camp. So the body was placed in the palanquin as usual, the band played, the old routine went on; halts were called, a tent pitched, the palanquin carried inside it, and food cooked, of which it was made-believe that the monarch had partaken. But the pestiferous air told what, under pain of death, no man in the secret dared tell, and the remnants of the camp entered Rabat by forced marches to deposit the body of the dead monarch there, and to welcome his son, Abdul Aziz, as successor.

* "Taflet: the Narrative of a Journey of Exploration in the Atlas Mountains and the Oases of the N. W. Sahara." By Walter B. Harris. Illustrated. London: W. Blackwood and Sons.



MISS FAY DAVIS.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

THE LITERARY NIMROD.*

The term "literary sportsman" is manifestly ambiguous. It might signify the writer about sport, the lover of sporting books, or merely the man of letters who followed sport as a recreation; but the title, it seems to me, conveys its fullest measure of truth when applied to the hunter who follows a sport that is, or ought to be, in itself literary, whose legitimate quarry is all that may by any pretext be called a book. True, there are book-hunters who are not literary, but, taken in the best sense, the distinction holds good.

The man of letters who follows the chase within his own province, whose game is the printed page, may fairly be called the literary sportsman *par excellence*. It is impossible, of course, to deal with the bibliophile without noting the bibliomaniac, but the glory of the former is in no way tarnished by the conjunction, when the admirable distinction, quoted by Mr. Roberts, is borne in mind—that the bibliophile collects to adorn his intellect, the bibliomaniac to adorn his shelves.

With both kinds of collectors, and with several variations on the same theme, the

author of "The Book-Hunter in London" has much to do, and, under his hand, his volume has become not only a study of the book-hunter in the abstract, but of book-hunters in the concrete. And, although the wealth of biographical detail is great, one can hardly term it cumbrous, for it is made properly subservient to the main purpose of the book, which is to tell the story of book-hunting in London from the time when the pursuit began down to the present day. Consequently, the author has had to deal with his subject not only biographically, but historically, bibliographically, and topographically; but he has not permitted the multitudinous threads of his story to get so entangled as to confuse the reader. It may be that now and then the narrative suffers a little from sameness, that details of a similar nature, as in the account of auctions, have something of the monotony of a hammer-stroke; but such passages are readily forgiven, for Mr. Roberts, in his historical method, resembles Herodotus, so well does he understand the use of the racy anecdote to season his drier detail.

Although under Alfred's rule great encouragement was given to the importation of foreign books, it cannot be said that London was in any sense a resort of learned men until the thirteenth century was well advanced, and it is not until about 1299 that any trace is discovered of an English monarch who seriously interested himself in book-collecting. The taste of Edward I. was, however, ecclesiastical: his collection consisted principally of service-books. In Mr. Roberts's chapter on "Early Book-Hunting" there are many glimpses of kingly, noble bibliophiles, who flourished between the end of the thirteenth and the end of the fifteenth centuries, of whom the most enthusiastic collector was Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. Among collectors of less exalted rank, Richard de Bury and John of Boston achieved the greatest distinction in these early days. Edward IV. and Richard III. did not collect; Henry VII. favoured the practice "in his curious fashion"; and, although Henry VIII. was undeniably a book-lover and collector, it is "rather as a book-dispenser" that Mr. Roberts finds him entitled to notice. The dissolution of the monasteries had a two-fold effect: it led, of course, to much wanton destruction of books, but it created a large number of book-collectors, to whose labours we owe the recovery and preservation of much that is priceless. To illustrate the working of the destructive principle after the dissolution, Mr. Roberts permits an old chronicler, John Bale, to speak after this fashion—

I know a merchant man, which shall at this time be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of gray paper by the space of more than these ten years; and yet he hath store enough for many years to come. . . . Our posterity may well curse this wicked fact of our age.

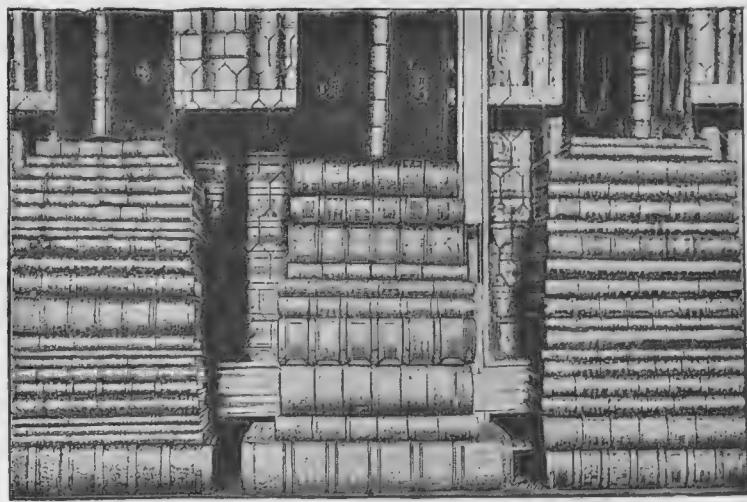
Posterity does, indeed, curse the wicked fact very heartily, but, at the same time, it blesses the admirable hunters who strove to amend the mischief, so far as might be.—From this time the history of book-hunting in London begins in earnest. During the reign of Henry VIII.

and his three successors, "the hobby became first a passion with the few, and then the fashion with the many," and, as we read, one undying name after another appears on the roll of collectors. One name of great note in our history was added so lately as 1883. Till that year it was not suspected that Sir Francis Drake himself had been a collector.

In the third division of his work, entitled "From the Old to the New," Mr. Roberts passes from the eighteenth century, "the Augustan age, so far as book-hunting in London is concerned," to the collectors and collections of the present century; and, from hunters and their achievements, he goes on to show us the hunter at work and to discuss his hunting-grounds, which are not always happy. The sections entitled "Book Auctions and Sales," "Book-Stalls and Book-Stalling, and Some Book-Hunting Localities," form in themselves practically a bibliopolic history of London; and although some of the information with which these chapters abound, particularly the accounts of prices, may be better reading for the past-master than for the novice, no one who would aspire to be a book-hunter can afford to pass it lightly by, for, in addition to much valuable bibliographic knowledge, it is from these passages that the reader learns the true excitement and adventure of the chase. Nor does Mr. Roberts forget the little rascalities which wait on this, as on all pursuits where chance and change are very potent. To the fascinating subject of "Book-thieves, Borrowers, and Knock-outs," he has seen fit to devote an entire division of his work, which may be taken as a "compleat guide" by anyone who is desirous to perfect himself in the art and craft therein exposed and expounded. Here we have explained the most secret and subtle methods of a sportsman who adds, to the delight of mere book-hunting, the exhilarating risk of being himself hunted by the police; but let it not be imagined that the writer has decked vice in alluring colours. Even the most adventurous spirit will see that this form of the game is not worth the candle. I refer chiefly to deliberate thieving; borrowing—well, that is a delicate matter: the book-borrower is always honest in intention, it is his memory that is bad. Recognising the carelessness of borrowers, "a wise physician," says Mr. Roberts, affixed to each of his books the legend, "Library of Galen, M.D. 'And if a man borrow aught of his neighbour, and it be hurt, he shall surely make it good.'—Exodus xxii. 14." In the matter of book-pilfering, the fair sex comes out in a rather dubious light, and it may be to soften this ugly fact that Mr. Roberts has dealt under a special heading with "Women as Book-Collectors" in the honest sense. But, even there, the author cannot refrain from a little satire, and it is plain that he does not altogether believe in the fair book-hunter. She collects volumes more as *bijouterie* than as anything else, and although Mrs. Rylands and Miss Currer form striking exceptions, "the *femme bibliophile* is an all but unknown quantity. The New Woman may develop into a genuine book-lover: it is certain that the old one will not. The Chinese article of belief, that women have no souls, has, after all, something in its favour."

Mr. Roberts speaks everywhere with knowledge, and it is a delicate matter to contradict him; but it would seem that, in looking to the New Woman for this development of what he recognises as "soul," he has looked in the wrong direction. Had his little gibbe been aimed at the New Woman, one could have more easily forgiven it. For the sake of those two just persons, Miss Currer and Mrs. Rylands, he might have spared the Old Woman.

Of collectors old and new, of dealers, and of bookmen generally, Mr. Roberts seems scarcely to have omitted any of note; but to mention one would be to mention all, and that would be superfluous, when Mr. Roberts's learned and pleasant pages lie ready for the reader. The



THE ALTHORP CAXTONS.

perusal of these pages is rendered all the pleasanter by the numerous illustrations, which are always interesting, and often very admirable. Those who already know book-loving London will find their knowledge at once focussed and amplified by a perusal of this work; those who do not know this world within a world, will find that the way is made plain for them, and not only will they know where to begin, but they will discover that Mr. Roberts has equipped them with staff and scrip. To peruse the work is indeed an education in books and bookmen.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



THE WOUNDED BOER.

A PHOTO FROM LIFE.



SHE (*an heiress*) : I cannot marry you. I've had twenty better men than you at my feet.
HE : Humph ! Chiropodists ?



AT THE CASINO DE PARIS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



PRETTY POLLIES.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THEY THAT MOURN.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK.

Bunn Market was over, its hurry and haggle. In corners and quiet spots of the big market-yard you saw men and women carefully counting their little stores of silver, testing the coins with their teeth, knotting them firmly in red pocket-handkerchiefs, finally stowing them away in their long, wide pockets as cautiously as though every sixpence were a diamond. In the streets, people were leisurely moving towards the shops, where tills were rattling and counters teeming, and trade, for a few hours, flourishing, after its whole six days of blissful stagnation.

A cart laden with butter, chiefly in firkins, issued from the market-yard gate, a man between the shafts, one at either wheel, two pulling behind, all noisily endeavouring to keep the cart from running amuck downhill into the river. Close behind, like chief mourners after a hearse, one might fancy, came Tim Kerin and Nan, his wife—a battered, slow-footed couple, heavily burdened with the big load of their years, white-haired, both of them, and lean as greyhounds. Heavily they shuffled along in their clumsy boots; the man with one arm across his back, the other swinging limply; the woman holding up her skirt with one hand, and gripping with the other the handle of a big, empty basket; both looking fixedly over the tail-board of the cart at the few pounds of butter for which they had slaved hard for weeks, and for which, after hours of haggling, they had just received a few most precious shillings. Fixedly they watched it, and mournfully, almost, as though they were bidding it a last farewell.

They passed through the gate, straggled across the footpath, and silently watched the cart zigzag down the street, run presently along the kerb, and, amid great shouting, discharge its contents into the packing-house.

"Faith!" said Tim, across his shoulder, "'twas cleverly done. I wonder, some day, they don't break their necks." He wagged his head dubiously; Nan tucked up her skirt; the two turned their faces uphill, and set out to share their profits with the shops. The butter was gone, and sorrow go with it!—'twas a heartbreak.

Tim Kerin's share of the profits was a shining sixpence, reluctantly tendered to him by Nan his wife, who now walked a couple of steps behind him, with eighteenpence shut tight in her hand and the remainder of the butter-money (only a shilling or two) tied fast in a cotton bag and safely stowed away in the neck of her linsey-woolsey dress. Threepence of Tim's sixpence was to buy tobacco, a penny might go in the purchase of a weekly newspaper, a penny would buy a pair of "whangs" (leather laces) for his boots; the penny remaining, when all those luxuries had been honestly paid for, would buy a whole tumblerful of frothing porter. A whole tumblerful! At sight of it, with his mind's eye, Tim's lips dried and his feet went quicker over the cobble-stones.

Nan's lips were tight, her brow wrinkled. She was figuring. It would take her to be powerful 'cute to fill her basket with the value of eighteenpence. Och! the lot o' things she wanted: tea, sugar, bacon, a herring for the Sunday's dinner, a bit o' white bread; and—and supposing there were a penny or two over (with knowing bargaining there might be), was it likely now that Mr. Murphy, the draper, would let her have cheap a yard of narrow soiled lace to go round the border of her night-caps? Twopence might do, threepence would be sure to — Aw, glory be to goodness! did anybody ever hear of such romancin', such extravagance; sure it was running wild her wits were! Threepence for lace indeed!

A friend stepped from behind a cart and caught Nan by the arm. What, was it pass a neighbour like that, Mrs. Kerin would do? Pass her oddest friend, Mrs. Brady, as if she was a milestone, and never pass the time of day, or tell how she sold her butter, or how the world was using herself!

"Och, och, Mrs. Kerin," moaned Mrs. Brady, "what have I done to ye, at all, at all?"

Nan stopped and put out her hand, then volubly began explaining; sure, sorrow the sight of Mrs. Brady she had seen; sure, she never passed a neighbour without spakin'; sure, 'twas walkin' along romancin' she was, figurin' in her head, seeing how far she could make the few shillings go. "An' how are you, ma'am?" asked Nan, when full pardon for her oversight had been generously given and gratefully received. "How are you, an' all your care?"

Swiftly the two old heads bobbed together; ceaselessly their tongues began to wag; freely the full tide of their softly drawling speech flowed gurgling round the little nothings of their little world.

Meanwhile, Tim, his sixpence hot in his palm, had taken a turn through the throng of the streets, had questioned his neighbours about sales and prices (just as though he were a man of stomach and capital), had spelt out the time on the big market-house clock as he stood by the town pump listening to the hearse drone of a ballad-singer; and now, on the side-walk of Main Street, stood dreamily looking through a shop-window at a pile of newspapers which stood precariously among an array of tobacco-pipes and sweet-bottles. If he bought a paper, Tim was thinking, he would have a whole week's diversion o' nights; if he didn't buy it, he would save the price of another tumblerful o'— A heavy hand fell on his shoulder.

"Hello! Tim," said his neighbour, Shan Grogan; "havin' a wee squint at the sugar-sticks, is it ye are?"

"Aw ay," answered Tim, turning; "aw ay! I was just lookin' at the papers there, an' wonderin' what an ojus lot o' news they give us nowadays for a penny. Enough to keep one goin' for a week."

"Yis," said Shan, "it's a wonderful world. But aisy, Tim; ha' ye been to the Post lately?"

"Naw," said Tim.

"Well, look in there if you're passin', me son. The lassie that sells the stamps asked me to tell ye. Gwan quick; mebbe she'll give ye news for nothin'."

"Now, now," answered Tim; "I'm obliged to ye, Shan, I'm obliged to ye. Now, now," he repeated to himself, as he shuffled off along the pavement; "now, now. Is Shan havin' a wee joke, I wonder?" he said, and, coming to the post-office, doubtfully sidled in.

"Me name is Kerin, miss," he said to the clerk, very humbly as to one of the representatives of mighty Government itself; "Tim, for Christian; an' they tell me ye'd mebbe be havin' somethin' for me?"

The girl handed him a letter bearing the Chicago post-mark, stamped in one of its bottom corners, and carrying its address thence right up to the top of the envelope. Tim bore it tenderly to the door and carefully inspected it, then took it back to the counter.

"Whose countersign might that be, miss, if ye please?" he asked, and placed his thumb over the post-mark. Humbly he asked; curtly he was answered.

"Chicago?" said Tim. "Ay, ay! I'm obliged to ye, miss—I'm obliged to ye. May the Lord be good to ye an' send ye a duke for a husband! Good-day to ye, miss," said he, then stepped out into the street with his hand deep in his pocket and the letter in his hand, and went off in search of Nan.

"It's from Padeen," he kept thinking to himself, as he walked joyfully along, his feet clattering loosely on the pavement, his old face turning here and there, watching for his wife; "it's from Padeen, sure as ever was!" Aw! but he was glad. Aw! but Nan would be glad. So long it was, ages and ages ago, since they heard from him. 'Twasn't Padeen's hand-write—naw! but sure it might have altered; everything altered in the Big Country. Ay! 'twas only poor ould Ireland that kept the same—never any worse, never any better. But where was Nan? Sure, she ought to be in the shops. He was dying to find her. Up and down he went; at last found her, still bobbing heads at the top of Bridge Street with her friend Mrs. Brady.

"Aw, it's here ye are, Nan?" he said, coming up. "An' me huntin' the town for ye. It's yourself is well, Mrs. Brady, I'm hopin'? That's right, that's right."

His voice came strangely broken and shrill; his eyes danced like a child's; still his hand gripped the letter in his pocket.

"What's the matter, Tim?" whispered Nan. "Ha' ye heard news?"

"Ay, ay," he said. "Come away till I tell ye; come away."

He turned, and, with Nan at his heels, set off almost at a run down hill towards the river. Aw, but his heart was thumpin'! "Aisy, Tim," cried Nan, behind him; "aisy, man, or me breath—me breath——"

Without answering, or slackening his pace, Tim went on, turned through the butter-market gate, crossed the empty yard, came to the furthest corner of one of the long, low sheds, and there halted, with his face to the wall. Aw! but his heart was thumpin'. Presently, Nan came to him, panting and furried.

"What is it, Tim?" she asked; "what is it?"

Slowly Tim brought out his letter, and, holding it by both hands, let his wife look at it.

"It's—it's from Padeen!" cried she; "it's from Padeen!"

"Yis," said Tim. "It's not his hand-write, but it must be from him."

"Aw, glory be to God!" cried Nan. "Glory to God! Sure, it's ages since we heard from the boy, ages!"

She put down her basket, and, with her head between Tim's shoulder and the wall, looked fixedly at the envelope. Aw! but she was glad to see it. Such a time it was since they had heard from Padeen! A whole two years it was, come Christmas, since the last letter came, with that money-order in it, an' the beautiful picture of Padeen himself, dressed out in his grand clothes, with a gold chain across his waistcoat, and a gold ring on his finger. A whole two years almost. And now maybe—?

"Aw, Tim, open it quick," she panted; "open it quick!"

"Mebbe," said Tim, "we'd better wait till we get home. The light's bad, an'——"

"No, no, Tim; no, no; it'd kill me to wait."

"Ay?" said Tim, then slowly drew his knife from his pocket and tenderly cut open the top of the envelope. His fingers trembled greatly as he fumbled with the enclosure. Nan's hand went quick to her heart.

"Aw, quick, Tim!" she cried. "Quick, quick!"

"Don't—don't floster me, woman," said Tim. "I can't—can't——" The next moment his shaking old fingers held a sheet of notepaper, and a black-edged card on which glared out a long silvern cross, and beneath it, in large letters, the words: PATRICK KERIN.

Nan fell back a step; her fingers clutched at her dress over her heart. Tim's knife clattered upon the stones, and the envelope fluttered down. For a while they stood there silent, dread-stricken. At last Nan spoke.

"Read, Tim," she said. "Read!"

"I—I can't."

"Ye must, Tim; it's better. Let us know the worst, for God's sake!"

"I—I—" Tim began; then quickly opened the sheet. "It's—it's too dark here," he mumbled. "I—I want me specs."

"Read what ye can, Tim, an' quick, for God's sake!"

So Tim, still with his face to the wall, raised the letter to catch the light, and began to read—

Chicago City, U.S.A.

DEAR—DEAR MISTER KERIN,—It is my—my sad duty to inform you that your son Patrick died [“Aw, Padeen, Paddeu!”] of ty—typhus here on the 2nd of this month at twelve o'clock a.m. [“God's mercy!” cried Nan.] As his oldest friend, I was with him at the end. He died in peace. He was buried, at his request, in — Cemetery. I—I send you something to—to keep. . . .

"Aw, I can read no more," said Tim, with a groan; "it's too dark. I can read no more. Me poor ould Padeen!"

Nan turned and looked vacantly across at the busy street, dry-eyed and gray-faced. Ah! her poor Padeen, dead and buried away among the strangers, dead and buried, and never, never would she see him again, never hear his voice, never grip his hand! Dead, dead! her big, handsome, noble son. . . .

She turned to Tim and caught him by the sleeve.

"Come away, Tim," she said. "Come away wi' me."

"Aw! Nan, Nan," he said, as the big tears sprang to his eyes. "Nan, me girl, but it's hard!"

"Aw, yis," said she, and lifted her basket; "but come away, Tim, come away. Home's the best place for us."

"Yis," said Tim, wiping his eyes with his hand. "Yis, Nan"; then, Nan leading the way, and Tim shuffling after, the two old people (mourners now in real earnest) crossed the yard; and at the gate Nan halted.

"I think," said she, as Tim came up, "I think we can manage this week wi'out the bits o' groceries. Sure, they're only luxuries, anyway. I'll go an' see if Mr. Murphy can find me a bit o' crape for me bonnet."

"Do," said Tim. "Do, Nan; an' when you're about it," he said, taking his sixpence from his pocket and handing it to her, "ye may as well get me a bit for me hat. Ay! sure I can do wi'out me tabaccy for one week. Aw, yis! Away quick, Nan; an' hurry back, me girl."

So Nan turned up towards the market-house; but Tim went down-hill towards the bridge; and when, presently, Nan came to him, carrying her little packet of crape in her big basket, Tim's head was bowed over the parapet, and he was mumbling tearfully, "Aw, me poor Padeen!"

Nan plucked at his sleeve.

"Come away home, Tim," she said, "come away." And at the word Tim raised his head, dried his eyes, and set off slowly after Nan up the long, dusty road that wearily led towards home.

HUMAN ODDS AND ENDS.

BY GEORGE GISSING.

XIV.—THE LITTLE WOMAN FROM LANCASHIRE.

Everyone laughed at Mrs. Jephson, but only the ill-conditioned laughed unkindly. For all her vanity, it was impossible to dislike her: for all her astonishing *naïveté*, one could not help thinking of her as a clever woman. She did a great many foolish things; perhaps her life in London was one supreme folly, yet who could deny her social gifts, or fail to understand the temptation which brought her into such strange prominence? She was no adventuress; anyone who took the trouble could ascertain all about her large income, and how she had inherited it. Plainly, her one desire was to enjoy life, and to see other people sharing in her pleasures. Of scandal, not a word, not a breath. Her husband seldom showed himself, but his absences were most satisfactorily explained; and people who had seen the two together agreed that there could be no shadow of doubt as to the harmony of their life.

Of course, even Mrs. Jephson did not tell everything. Probably her husband had begun life at the very bottom of the ladder; in appearance and talk he still resembled the average Lancashire mill-hand. Of herself, she gossiped freely; joked about her bare-foot childhood in the little moorland town, and mimicked her early modes of speech. No one needed to ask whence she came; however skilfully she had picked up the language of education, her tongue at once betrayed her. But she was never heard to make fun of Mr. Jephson. His name was often on her lips, and always with a phrase of affection, admiration, eulogy. "My husband"—as soon as the words were uttered, one knew what would come. For her, Mr. Jephson's opinion was the final authority; his wish was law. One could only suppose that the man himself, conscious of deficiencies, chose to keep in the background, satisfied so long as his brilliant wife had all she wanted. It did not seem at all wonderful that he should look on at her social triumphs with the calmness of perfect trust. Mrs. Jephson was childless, by no means ill-favoured, and not yet thirty-five; but if ever a wife could take care of herself, and if ever one was resolute to walk straight, it was she.

She did not flash of a sudden upon the world that amuses itself. In her first London season she knew very few people, and lived quietly at a first-rate boarding-house. At the close of that year, after foreign travel, she took a large house, and began to entertain. But only the third year of her prosperity established her as a recognised leader in certain circles of wealth and fashion; then it was that one began to read so much about her, and to hear her name both above and below the sphere in which she

shone. Mrs. Jephson frankly declared that she had now attained the summit of her wishes. She could not aspire to a place among the aristocracy; enough to be received among "nice and jolly people"—that was her phrase—and to feel that she was getting "really good value for her money." The hearty candour of her egoism forbade one to remember that she had no intellectual aim, and that she seemed not so much indifferent to as utterly oblivious of social problems and miseries. Intensely conservative in her instincts, she lived as though it were her duty to support and enjoy the existing order of things. Reminiscences of her own poverty appeared to inspire her with no sympathy for that of others. One gathered now and then that she felt gratitude to Providence for the care it had taken of her; but, at the same time, she evidently saw in her promotion a striking example of the fitness of things.

Early in August, Mrs. Jephson left town. It was understood that she had a great round of visits to make. For a month or two, the Society journals chronicled her movements; then she disappeared, and no one heard anything of her till after Christmas. One day, in a London drawing-room, a lady startled her friends by declaring that Mr. Jephson had filed a petition of divorce. She had it on the very best authority.

"Impossible!" exclaimed another lady present. "I called yesterday. A lot of people were there. She was just the same as ever."

Incredulity was general. No less than three of the company went straight to call upon Mrs. Jephson, whom they found in excellent health and spirits. About a dozen people were in the drawing-room, and presently they began to form little groups, at a distance from the hostess, talking earnestly in a low voice. Mrs. Jephson, observant, but unconcerned, beckoned a certain young matron to her side.

"What is it? What were you talking about?"

"I? Oh—trifles—really I forget."

"Oh, no, you don't. What made you turn red? Tell me at once."

There was no resisting this Northern bluntness. The lady whispered, "Some malicious person has been saying that you—that Mr. Jephson—"

Having heard the rumour, Mrs. Jephson reflected for a moment. Then, glancing round, she saw that many eyes were fixed upon her. Suddenly, she let a tea-cup fall; it shattered on the floor.

"A way of getting your attention," she exclaimed with a laugh, as the guests turned to look. "You're all talking about the same thing, but you're all wrong. I may as well let you know the truth. It's *I* who am the petitioner in a certain case, not my husband. There, now we won't talk any more about it; you'll all know whatever there is to be known before long."

And not another word was said. Nor, until the public were invited to the feast of scandal, did any one of Mrs. Jephson's fashionable acquaintances learn a single detail of the affair. An acute observer, much interested in the little Lancashire woman, would have it that she had made up her mind not to spoil the effect of Divorce Court revelations; an artist in her way, she understood the advantage of stimulating curiosity by reticence. This, to be sure, was rather a new reading of Mrs. Jephson's character; but, judging by subsequent events, there seems to have been something in it. Most likely she enjoyed the universal astonishment. Seeing people as usual (except the few more scrupulous who preferred to hold aloof), she was unlike herself only in the one respect, that she never mentioned her husband.

The case came on; the story was told. In its main features, so simple a story, that ordinary people were disappointed. Last autumn, while staying at a country house, Mrs. Jephson learnt that her husband was unfaithful to her: he had a working-class mistress somewhere in the North. At once she went to see him; they quarrelled violently, and Jephson refused to make any change, save on the condition that his wife should relinquish her fashionable career, and live with him away from London. He brought no charge against her; merely said that her way of living was distasteful to him—an oft-repeated protest on his part. In the end Mrs. Jephson yielded, and for two or three weeks they dwelt together in retirement. But it was not a success. Discord soon broke out again, and rose to such a point that one night Jephson beat his wife savagely. He then kept her a prisoner in the little country house for several days, until, alarmed by her condition, he was obliged to call in a doctor. This medical man now testified that Mrs. Jephson had suffered gravely; indeed, it was a wonder she had not been lame for life. A reconciliation being impossible, the husband abruptly took himself off, and rejoined his mistress, with whom he was still living. He did not defend the case.

Well, that was all, and people felt disappointed. Not so the acute observer. "Think what a wonderful little woman!" he remarked. "For years she has evidently subdued to her will a man of violent passions, of tremendous character. Plainly she was fond of him. But there came the inevitable moment: she had to choose between him and social success. A year ago she would have yielded in the contest, had it become acute; in the end, ambition carried it. Say, if you like, that the little woman has been spoilt; perhaps so. At all events, the thrashing was too much. She welcomed the opportunity of making a new start in life. Not an ungenerous little woman, you can't say that she took advantage of her position; all along, it was fair subjugation of will by will. She would never have spoken disloyally of the man, or have tried to get rid of him. But, after the thrashing, she would naturally feel 'Now we are quits.' Probably, she won't be quite what she was; we shall see." Six months later, the *Times* contained this advertisement—

MRS. JEPHSON begs sincerely to thank her friends for sympathy, written and verbal, pending proceedings for dissolution of marriage, in which she, the petitioner, obtained the final decree on the 14th inst.

The acute observer laughed.

JAN. 29, 1896

THE SKETCH.

35



MISS ALEXANDRA DAGMAR AS DANDINI IN THE PANTOMIME AT DRURY LANE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.



MISS GERALDINE OLLIFFE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FALK, SYDNEY.

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DOLLY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, CORK.



MISS FLORRIE ROBINA AS CRUSOE, AT THE THEATRE METROPOLE, CAMBERWELL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE JUBILEE OF THE "DAILY NEWS" (1846-1896).

I am glad to offer my congratulations to Sir John Robinson and his colleagues upon the Jubilee of the *Daily News*. The journal may well be proud of its fifty years' record; it has led the way in many a forlorn hope on behalf of progress and the better government of our country. Its most bitter political opponents have conceded that on many questions which excited controversy in its earlier career time has been kind to it. A special glamour surrounds the paper, moreover, from the fact that the first man to occupy the editorial chair was Charles Dickens. It is



MR. E. T. COOK.
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Co., Regent Street, W.

of small moment to us now that Dickens found editing a bore, and was a complete failure in the post; it is enough that his splendid genius remained for fifty years as a great tradition associated with the *Daily News*. Editors without number there would seem to have been since then; John Forster, the author of "The Life of Dickens," "The Life of Goldsmith,"



MR. W. MOY THOMAS.
Photo by Barrands, Ltd., Oxford Street, W.

and of many other books, perhaps being the most notable. Some of them serve, it may be, to point as a moral the ephemeral character of a journalist's work. They were, doubtless, men of importance in their day, but until the appearance of the Jubilee Number of the *Daily News* their names had entirely gone out of human recollection. During the period in which Sir John Robinson has been manager and editor of the paper—and of late years he has combined the two offices—it has shown some striking and interesting characteristics. The magnificent

achievements of Mr. Archibald Forbes in the Franco-German War were a venture of which any paper might be proud, and the selection of Mr. Forbes and other eminent correspondents

many newspapers, and has touched nothing that he has not adorned; but one of our most distinguished living writers says that three mornings a-week his breakfast-table is made joyous by the Lang leaders in that journal:

Mr. Herbert Paul, again, who has been actively associated with Sir John Robinson and Mr. Clayden in conducting the *Daily News*, is a man of singular ability, and a bright and trenchant writer. Mr. H. W. Lucy has written the descriptions of Parliament with remarkable force. Lastly, among the noticeable figures on the *Daily News* staff there is that other Mr. Paul, who has done such good service for the Institute of Journalists. And then there is Mr. Moy Thomas, the veteran dramatic critic,



MR. P. W. CLAYDEN.
Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

has borne witness to the judgment and keen insight into character of Sir John Robinson and those associated with him.

On the literary side of the paper, Mr. Peter Clayden has been the most conspicuous figure for many years. He only now retires from the night editorship. Mr. Clayden has given up his life to guiding the political destinies of the *Daily News*, and on many a critical occasion he must have devoted to the service of the paper anxious hours of which those who are familiar only with the day-work of journalism can have no conception. Readers of Harriet Martineau's autobiography will remember her account of how she introduced Mr. Clayden to the *Daily News*, and that long service of one of the most kind-hearted and best-beloved of journalists ought to receive the fullest recognition at the present moment. Mr. Clayden has written two valuable books concerning the poet Rogers, he has contributed largely to the political literature of the day, and he has done service to his party as a Parliamentary candidate by fighting forlorn hopes on at least three occasions. I am quite sure that when the Liberals return to power—if they ever do—they will not forget Mr. Clayden, if, indeed, he cares for such distinctions as have lately been so plentifully showered on active political journalists.

The writing staff of the *Daily News* has also boasted three other men of conspicuous ability. Mr. Andrew Lang has written for



SIR JOHN ROBINSON.
Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street, W.

who has also so delightfully edited "The Letters of Mary Wortley Montagu."

Of the new editor, Mr. E. T. Cook, I have already spoken in these columns. He has youth on his side, and youth, in our time, seems to be half of the journalistic battle. It is not true, as I saw stated the other day, that he and Mr. Massingham are the youngest editors in



MR. ANDREW LANG.
Photo by T. Rodger, St. Andrews.



MR. HERBERT PAUL.
Photo by Watson, Edinburgh.

London; even among the morning papers the editor of the *Morning Post* has the advantage of both. But Mr. Cook is still a very young man, and he has the capacity for sympathising with the new movements, which time, unhappily, deadens for most of us. It has been fifty years of progress and achievement; but the years which are to come will be of more critical moment than the years which are past, and so level-headed and keen-sighted a man as Mr. Cook is not likely to be found wanting in a serious crisis.

C. K. S.

A T R A N D O M.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Where art thou, Winifred Evans, daughter of Cambria, imaged in my memory as a damsel in distress? Amongst those ancient mountains and those lovely vales which used to echo the loyal strains of Briuley Richards, art thou a mother of winsome daughters who murmur the melodious tongue of an ancient race? I behold thee, Winifred, carrying in thy bosom an awesome legend, fearful to whisper it in other ears, and fearful, too, lest for lack of it some innocent slip of a girl in thy slim and tender brood should have no wholesome warning against the wiles of the Saxon. Many years have rolled over our heads, leaving yours, I am sure, still ungrizzled; your lines have fallen in pleasant places; you are buxom, Winifred, though, when we met, you were slender, and, to a captious eye, a trifle angular; you have a husband, no doubt, who is a worthy descendant of warrior and lyrical prophet, of Llewellyn and Cadwallader, an implacable foe of tithes, and a glorious minstrel at the Eisteddfod. I see thee amidst these honours and possessions, with every boon that makes for righteousness and peace; and yet between thy dusky brows, Winifred, there is a line of care, an ineffaceable crease of perplexity and dread, which was carved there on the day when thou and I took that eventful journey to Paris.

I hasten to silence malignant sniffs by stating that we were not alone, that I was still in the flush of guileless boyhood, that you were evidently my senior by several years, and that your particular style of beauty did not appeal to me in the least. These disclaimers will not hurt you, Winifred, should they catch your eye in the land of Glendower, for there was nothing in the first glance you cast upon me to suggest the dawn of love's young dream. We were accompanied by a guide, philosopher, and friend, with whom we had the scantiest acquaintance. You had come from the shadows of Plinlimmon, I from the banks of the Mersey. Parents and guardians, of a most confiding disposition, had entrusted us to the care of a perfect stranger, who had advertised his readiness to conduct parties on foreign travel, an idea since elaborated by Mr. Cook with such fulness that to-day the humblest wayfarer nods affably to the universe. But our conductor, Winifred, though the look of him might have inspired confidence in any enthusiast for humanitarian principles, seemed to awaken distrust in your virgin soul. He had an open brow, a kindling eye, the tolerant smile of one who has seen life in many aspects; but he had no luggage to speak of, and the party he was conducting did not fill a railway carriage. When you joined us in a hat that disappointed me, for I had studied the picturesque headgear of Welsh ladies in pictures, and yours had no suggestion of Plinlimmon's majesty; when you joined us, I say, the party consisted of just two persons, and I observed a swift misgiving in your first greetings. Why did our preceptor suddenly lose that fluency with which he had been discoursing to me on literature and the arts? Your eyes were grey, Winifred, that kind of grey which sends a cold beam through the tissues, and photographs the innermost secrets of a troubled conscience. In response to glowing periods about the weather, you answered icily, "Where's the party?" and the poor man fidgetted haplessly in his corner, and, at every wayside station, put his head out of the window, as if to discern the local gentry hastening to our excursion. They did not come; by some accident they had all missed the train; and still you fixed our guide with that frigid gaze, and murmured, "Where's the party?"

That night we took the Newhaven boat; a mellow summer moon gilded the tranquil waters; it was a night that rejected slumber and summoned poesy; yet you did not regale us with songs of your mountain home, but held aloof with your head buried in a shawl that might have been more daintily adjusted. Our conductor, agitated by your behaviour, sat near the prow, and explained to me that his wife was waiting for us in the Rue Jacob, where even a Welshwoman of high lineage would find an asylum which would cast no slur upon her pedigree. There were few passengers; two of them walked the deck with monotonous tramp, joyously discussing an Italian adventure, in which a certain Lady Angelina, the cousin of one of them, had looked stunning in her night-attire during an alarm of earthquake. Could it have been that anecdote of the Lady Angelina's predicament which prompted you, Winifred, to throw yourself on the sympathy of her cousin and his friend? Did you think that their fortitude in an earthquake made them the natural protectors of helpless women? Or did your pride of ancestry instinctively recognise in them a kindred breeding? Who shall unravel the intricacies of a feminine mind under the influence of terror, and

spurred to desperate resolution by imaginary peril? Suffice it that I heard a hysterical voice from the shawl addressing the two companions in the accents of appeal. "Good heavens!" groaned our philosopher and friend, "what's the woman up to now?" I approached you quietly, and heard you say, "Yes, gentlemen, it's a trick, I'm sure it's a trick to injure a poor, defenceless girl! He advertised an excursion to Paris, and he's got my money, and what I say is, 'Where's his party?' Do you think I'd be here, without another woman, alone with him and that young man—" "Man!" interjected one of her listeners. "Don't worry; he's only a kid." "Kid or no kid, I say, 'Where's the party?'"

Have you ever reflected since, Winifred, that here was a triple tragedy? In the tumult of your alarms, you supposed that our preceptor, a man of taste and benevolence, seeking to support his family by initiating us in the decorous delights of Paris, was engaged in fraud, if not in abduction, and that I, with a mantling innocence on my brow, was a partner of his guilt! Has no arrow of remorse rankled in your mind because you exposed me to the cynical flippancy of a stranger who said I was a kid? I explained to him that you were the victim of imagination, heated possibly by an unbecoming shawl, that there was no monster of perfidy in the case; and he declared it was the "rummest go" he had ever heard of, not excluding the apparition of the Lady Angelina in the earthquake. His friend said I was a juvenile Lothario, and offered me a cigar, which I had to decline, as smoking on the sea has never agreed with me, either in youth or middle-age; then they asked me with what liquor I kept up my pecker on these illicit expeditions, and proposed a visit to the saloon-bar, where the vibration of the machinery is always most disturbing. There were other pleasantries which delicacy forbids me to mention; but a regard for wholesome truth compels me to tell you that, when the victim of your mistrust heard he was an abductor, he exclaimed, "Bless my soul! is the woman mad? If I wanted to carry anyone off, should I choose *her*?" I regret to say that when the morning light disclosed your features once more, Winifred, they were not such as drive men distraught, break up homes, and set fire to the topmost towers of Ilium. You were no Helen, with a red nose and inflamed eyes; but I am willing to allow that this disfigurement may have been due to the bitterness of finding no knight-errant to rescue Welsh maidenhood from the toils of the dissolute on a Channel steamer.

In the Rue Jacob, sure enough, we found the wife of our conductor, and your virginal distemper ceased to clamour for the party. But Paris, I fear, consorted ill with your Cumbrian blood. Do you remember the Sunday evening when we sat at dinner, and a troupe of minstrels came into the courtyard and struck up an operatic air? Did it profane the sacred echoes of Plinlimmon in your ears? You turned pale, and wept, to the bewilderment of the French people at the hotel table, while the musicians took your emotion as a tribute to their harmony, and played with unusual feeling. I recall, too, your horror when I donned a scarlet fez, and sallied forth with the preceptor to a ball in the students' quarter. Did you see flames leaping from that harmless headpiece, which had been slipped into my portmanteau by a maternal hand? At the ball I had a new experience, Winifred, and I will confess to you that it staggered me. The whole company stood up for the quadrille in two long lines. Opposite me was a comely young woman, with whom I prepared to dance after the discreet English fashion; but, at the first note of the band, she whisked the tassel of my fez across my face with—you'll scarcely credit it—the tip of a shapely shoe! I stood transfixed. "*Enlez vos jambes!*" cried the lady. I looked down the opposite line, and saw a confusion of shapely shoes in the air. On my side there was a fantastic delirium of legs. The spectacle was so startling that I could not stir; and there must have been something piquant in the contrast between my expression and that cap of Oriental licence which you disapproved, for the quadrille was broken up, and I was surrounded by a mob of damsels with cries of "*Pauvre petit Turc! Où est maman?*"

Do not take this confession amiss, Winifred Evans, for it is my homage to your memory. At that moment I was overshadowed by the propriety of Plinlimmon; its peaks of decorum towered above me; from its crags your spiritual hand beckoned me out of the Menad throng. Does not this console you for the absence of that party? If you have locked in the recesses of your bosom all these years the true story of that excursion to Paris, can you not tell it now to your neighbours with the candour of which I have set an example? Plinlimmon will not wrap its blushing summit in a cloud. Nay, the tale of your error and my moral stupefaction might furnish a theme for a cantata to an aspiring Welsh bard, and cheer the next Eisteddfod with an unwonted gush of life,

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

It is only fitting that, in a season generally admitted to be the most remarkable as well as the most successful, a record should be established even in regard to the weather. To the best of my knowledge, the number of matches which have been postponed or abandoned can be counted on the fingers. The meteorological surroundings may be unseasonable, but no athlete will be found to grumble thereat, seeing that they are just to his liking.

Since my last notes there have been further developments in the League competitions, but not such as to materially affect the positions of the leading clubs. If anything, Everton's prospects have been a shade improved. But it is still absolutely impossible to forecast the final results. What has to be thought of at the present time is present form. A club's "past" has nothing to do with the case. If Derby County cannot last, all their early triumphs will go for nought. Stamina and not occasional brilliance wins the League Championship, and that is why the League differs so considerably from the English Cup as a gauge to superiority.

There is one thing I should like to comment upon before I leave League football, and that is the signs of distress hung out by more than one of the oldest and the best clubs. I refer, of course, to financial distress. Rumour is pretty brisk with regard to Leicester Fosse, Bury, West Bromwich Albion, the Wolverhampton Wanderers, Small Heath, and sundry others. Most surprising of all is it to learn of the rift in Sunderland's lute. The Weariders have not been doing so well as usual, it is true, and, if they were resident in, say, Lancashire, there would not be much the matter. But the spectators in Durham are a peculiar, not to say unreasonable lot. They have been fed on the greatest success, and now nothing below it will satisfy them. More than once it has been suggested that Sunderland should come to London. There is no doubt that in the Metropolis their ability would be appreciated to the greatest extent.

CRICKET.

Lord Hawke's team has played its fourth and fifth matches, and it has still failed to make the Africans sorry they are alive. The fact is, African cricket has considerably surprised the little band of big cricketers who are at present playing in the Cape of Good Hope.

I still think that Lord Hawke's team would be more than good enough for any county we have in the played-out Old Country. What, then, must be thought, first, of the Cape Colony players, and now of the Johannesburg brigade? Fifteen of the latter fraternity played thirteen of Lord Hawke's team, which, to say the least, was not a herculean task for the travellers. On paper, that is; on the field quite a different tale was told. The Englishmen went in for a paltry 178, of which 12 were extras, Sinclair taking seven wickets for 60 runs. Mr. H. T. Hewett made 57, and Sir T. C. O'Brien 25; but most of the others gave a puerile display. Johannesburg replied with 193, towards which Sinclair, who seems to have been pretty busy, compiled 75 and Statem 36. The feature of this innings was the bowling of Hayward, who took four wickets for 6 runs. Lohmann also captured a quartette at the expense of 46, but for the rest the trundling was extremely disappointing. Then Lord Hawke's team went in again, and this time fared a little better. Mr. Hewett made 36, Mr. Fry compiled 49, and Hayward rattled up 42, while Mr. A. J. L. Hill (58) and Mr. C. W. Wright (17) were together when the innings was declared closed at 268 for eight wickets. The home side, however, were by no means daunted. Routledge was responsible for 86 and Innes for 35, and when the match was left drawn the score had been carried to 196 for eight wickets.

One of the strangest features of the tour of Lord Hawke's team is the success of players from whom not a great deal was expected, and the comparative failure of the great cracks. Of course, it is yet early to criticise the tour, for, with so many more matches to play, it is likely enough that the leading members will give a taste of their true quality. One thing is certain, and that is that no English team inferior to the one now touring will dare to visit the Cape of Good Hope.

The batting of Lord Hawke's team in the fifth match of the tour was, as usual, uneven. C. W. Wright came out with the top score of 45, but Hayward failed for 5. Lord Hawke smashed up 44, but "Sammy" Woods collapsed for a "duck." Lohmann scored 36, but Sir Timothy O'Brien fell for a single, the aggregate total being 229.

ATHLETICS.

I am given to understand that the date of the always popular sports of the Notts Forest F. C. is this year to be altered. As a rule, they are held on the last Saturday in April, but, owing to the inclement weather, the finances worked out unsatisfactorily, and so the committee have been ordered to fix a new date. Mr. C. F. Daft, the old ex-champion hurdle-racer, will once more be the secretary.

I understand that the Crewe Harriers have made arrangements for an inter-club run with the Finchley Harriers at Neasden on March 14.

An association has just been formed in Wales for the purpose of carrying out a National Cross-country Championship. The proposed date of the meeting is Feb. 27, and it will be run at Cardiff, the distance being something like seven miles.

The Liverpool Athletic Sports Club is, I understand, flourishing. Already the membership has reached to about four hundred, including many ladies, to whom the club is open.

GOLF.

I am informed that the final match in the Riley Shield, to be played at Porthcawl, will be brought off towards the close of next month. The Shield is a beautiful ornament, and was given by the president of the club.

I hear favourable reports of the Nottinghamshire Golf Club. The membership now amounts to just on two hundred, which shows an increase of about thirty-five since last year. The annual report states that considerable alterations and improvements have been made on the greens and the course, and the committee desired to record their thanks to the green-keeper for the excellent way in which he had done his work. Gratitude was also expressed to Mr. W. F. M. Webb for his kindness in providing sand-boxes for the use of the club. It is also pleasant to hear that a caddies' shelter is now in course of construction.

The following fixture has been arranged by the Cambridge University Golf Club: Jan. 30, Linskell Cup, St. Andrews Medal, &c. The second half of the match between Willie Duncan, of St. Andrews, who is the professional at Cambridge, and Jack White, of North Berwick, will take place at Worlington on Feb. 1.

BOXING.

A 9 st. 6 lb. open amateur competition for a five-guinea cup, organised by the Cestus B. C. a day or two ago, failed to draw more than four competitors. Of these, the rivals, J. D. Williams and H. Brewer, were drawn together in the first bout, and a superb display was seen. Williams is, doubtless, the cleverer of the two; but he is neither so strong nor so quick as the Sydney man, who uses both hands to excellent advantage. Both will, doubtless, be seen entered for the Amateur Championships, which this year take place at St. James's Hall, on April 11.

ROWING.

The practice of the Oxford eight has been begun sooner than was expected. If ever Cambridge were destined to win the Boat Race it should surely be this year, since there are only two or three old Blues in the Oxford eight. But, from private information, I am led to expect a very strong Dark Blue contingent this season, some of the newcomers, especially J. Kershaw, at stroke, being very warmly spoken of. Next week I shall have more to say on the subject.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

If rumour is right, many of the racehorses that were exported to South Africa will return to England, as some of the South African millionaires intend to do all their racing in the Old Country for the future. It is a mistake to suppose that the Kings of the Rand are big gamblers on the Turf. As a matter of fact, they know too much to prospect for gold down Epsom or Ascot way. The South African millionaire will spend thousands on his horses, but he goes for the stakes, or is content with only giving a "pony" a chance with the ring.

The weights for several of the Spring Handicaps will be issued in a day or two. It is expected that the Grand National will be the best speculative medium of the spring. I cannot make out why Rory O'More, one of the most fidgety horses in training, should be so well backed on the Continental lists. Cathal, at any weight in reason, can be left to take care of such uncertain animals, and old Æsop is another that can with safety be supported to get the course, while I think Wild Man from Borneo will once more prove to be the best of Mr. Widger's lot.

Owing to the open winter, several of the trainers have been able to try their two-year-olds, and it is reported at Newmarket that the youngsters are a promising lot. It is a fact, however, that those two-year-olds that run well at Lincoln and Liverpool seldom maintain their form the year through, and old staggers like Ryan and John Porter and J. Jewitt do not believe in preparing two-year-olds for the early spring races. The two-year-olds at Kingsclere seldom come to hand before the May month, and, oftener than not, Ascot is the selected place for the début of many of John Porter's young horses.

The Turf is not benefited by the number of professional backers and bookmakers owning horses. I have heard lately of one or two big ring commissions having been worked against horses that, on paper, could not possibly have lost. Yet they did lose, and in one notable instance it turned out that the horse who started favourite, thanks to weight of public money, but who was not supported by the stable for a penny-piece, had been eased in his work for a week prior to the day of the race. This sort of thing may be funny, but it is not sport—at least, not for the poor backers.

A reader of *The Sketch* writes me from North-West Territories, Canada, asking advice as to whether he should publish a history of the Derby for the last thirty years, devoting a deal of space to the pedigrees of the several winners. Unfortunately for my correspondent, Mr. Black has forestalled him with a history of the Derby for the last hundred years, and very well written it is, too. It is, however, pleasant to know that our friend in the far-off North-West has had amusement for his leisure hours. When I wintered in Canada, twenty years back, I found chopping logs a real boon to while away the time, but compiling Derby statistics is a great improvement on this.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"A Paying Guest," by Mr. George Gissing, is the latest addition to Mr. Max Pemberton's excellent little library of fiction published by Messrs. Cassell. Nothing written by Mr. Gissing could be absolutely poor, and there are in this slight sketch two or three truthful and vivid passages, those especially which relate to the love-making of the heroine and the man she marries. Yet, the story on the whole is disappointing; it is tedious. Although brief, there is in it, in spite of its limits, Mr. Gissing's besetting sin of diffusiveness. That he can overcome this on occasion is proved in two masterly stories recently published in the *English Illustrated Magazine*. Mr. Gissing retreats further and further from the heart of London. He has moved from Tottenham Court Road as far as Sutton, yet he finds everywhere the same depressing, all-pervading, imperfectly suppressed vulgarity. Suppose he moves out a little further still, and continues his excellent studies of the country.

Miss Christina Rossetti's latest volume of poems, issued under the editorship of her brother, is a very great disappointment. It consists largely of verses written nearly fifty years ago, and preserved in a notebook; verses which, though they are much above the powers of the average young girl, were hardly worth preserving, especially in such a company of poems as Miss Rossetti has herself given to us. The Valentine verses to her mother, and the Italian verses, are trifles, and the occasional attempts at humour are pitiful enough. Considering the severe fastidiousness of Miss Rossetti's taste, and the deliberation with which she gave her work to the public, this must be greatly regretted. The editorial work of Mr. Rossetti has been done in the most slovenly and ignorant fashion. Several of these poems have already appeared in the author's collected works. It will be well for Mr. Rossetti to consider seriously whether he is really serving the memory of his brother and sister by such publications as those he has issued recently. There are dreadful intimations in his preface about the possibility of further Rossetti memorials.

Half-a-dozen of Mr. Anthony Hope's short stories have been collected by Messrs. Innes into a volume, under the name of "Comedies of Courtship." They are minor efforts, all of them, but will afford you excellent entertainment for an hour or so. Their humour is very good humour, and their satire very delicate. By far the best study is that of "The Curate of Poltons." The poor, obscure hero, who very nearly wins an heiress with twenty thousand a-year over the head of a ducal rival, by virtue merely of his lack of shyness, is a man of mark.

In Miss Hickey's new book of "Poems" (Elkin Mathews), most interest will be roused by "The Ballad of Lady Ellen," and not merely because it is the best poem. The story is that of the Countess Kathleen, the heroine of Mr. W. B. Yeats's poetical drama. Miss Hickey treats it dramatically, too, though she uses ballad form and metre. It is certainly the most vigorous thing that Miss Hickey has ever wrought. The narrative is simple, swift, and telling; and the lady's sore pity for the hungry people, and her descent into hell when she has sold her soul for their deliverance, touches the heart, even if you have read the substance in Mr. Yeats's greater version.

Open the gates; and let her win
To the flame and the awe and the pain therein!
Right to the heart of hell she fared,
All unharmed and all unscared;
She, to whose unpolluted sight
The flame was glory, the darkness light,
Sounds of wailing to other ears—
To hers the music of the spheres,
That drew to the empyrean bliss
Where the Mystic Rose of the Blessed is.

But Miss Hickey adds an interesting note about the origin of the story, which was not Irish at all, apparently. "It was translated, or adapted, from the French of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, and published in an Anglo-Irish newspaper, whence, in all good faith, Mr. Yeats reprinted it in his Irish Folk-tale book." Did the French tale, perhaps, fill up and give life to some vague Irish tradition that it was seized on so eagerly by such national writers as Mr. Yeats and Mrs. Hinkson? Or was the fact of it being a tale of famine enough to draw their hearts to it?

Mr. Lane has begun another series of story-books, "The Pierrot Library." One volume is out, Mr. II. de Vere Staepoole's "Pierrot." Its outside is pretty, and its inside has interest. It wants something to make it a success—perhaps grip. To mix in a story the ordinary present life of the world and the supernatural is a fascinating experiment, which succeeds in one case in a thousand; and, in spite of Mr. Staepoole's literary grace, it does not succeed here. Louis, the hero, is a lonely French lad left in an old château while his father is fighting the Prussians. The Franco-German War, a masked ball in Paris, the coming of the Uhlans, are the actual incidents; a marble form that plays a flute when misfortune threatens the family, the apparition of a dark-haired boy that walks with Louis, and Louis's fairy nature, supply the occult element. But a reader with the best wish in the world towards such imaginings will get muddled in the end, and perhaps break off before he has found out whether the ghost be a ghost, or a man or a woman. Louis was muddled, too, and lost his reason—small wonder! These strange vagaries of the brain make fascinating tales on the tongue of the rare man that can tell them so that our imagination, if not our understanding, comprehends. But here much pretty and delicate work is wasted.

o. o.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

A good deal of unnecessary ink has been shed over the address of British to American authors in the interests of peace. That document, though extremely well-meant, was unfortunate in its origin and history. A certain mystery, which no one seems anxious to clear up, hangs over its origin and development. Who wrote it? Who set it going? No one admits the soft impeachment.

Says B—— to C——,
"You'll have to explain!"
Says H—— C—— to B——,
"That's deuced unpleasant!"

Yet, apart from the indiscretions of the circular's early days, and the use of the notepaper of the (Incorporated) Society of Authors, the address has faults of its own. To begin with, it is unnecessary. American authors of note just now are comparatively few in numbers, and are, almost without exception, as friendly to this country as could be expected, and more friendly than self-interest would dictate. Mr. W. D. Howells, though at times (as befits an ex-Consul) he feels impelled to hoist the Stars and Stripes rather aggressively over his literary domicile, has gently but effectively satirised the Message of President Cleveland. What he would say concerning the wonderful Resolution that is designed to replace and surpass that Message, I tremble to think. Of a certainty we may be sure, from internal evidence alone, that no man with the very slightest tincture of literature has had anything to do with that declaration. Such a chaotic farrago of meaningless tautology is almost enough to convict its authors of positive illiteracy.

These things being so, the elaborate and unnecessarily abject and flowery address of the Society of Authors, or rather, of some members of it, might well have been left unsent, or replaced by a brief reminder of the many common interests existing between American and English literature, and the monstrous iniquity of a contest that would arise from such comparatively trivial causes. The memorial, as sent, struck many who were in full sympathy with its objects as tawdry in style and unmanly in tone—a document which an American author of taste would no more care to receive than an English author of taste to sign.

An American author, in any case, is drawn to Europe by very strong ties; often he becomes more European than American. Mr. Henry James is most at home in London or Paris; Mr. Marion Crawford in Italy. American authors sell their books over here with less legislative restriction than English authors in the United States; American magazines lie on every club table, and American literary men are as sure of a welcome in London as properly recommended English authors in Boston. What is necessary in order to make American authors help to restore friendly feeling between the nations is to give those authors more influence in their own country. It is not the will that is lacking, but the power. In both countries, but especially in the United States, public opinion is formed and guided by journalists who are very far indeed from being literary men.

"Michael and His Lost Angel" came to a premature end on Saturday. The title alone, with its vague suggestion of a parody of a Church festival, caused much comment. Then there was the discussion whether it was the very worst title, or only the worst but one, of late years; all which was good for trade. Perhaps somebody else will now give us "George and His Lost Dragon," or "Peter and His Lost Latchkey." Then came the further question of the presentation of a religious service on the stage. Was that profane?

Then came the plot of the play—the eternal sex-problem. When will our dramatists relieve us from this obsession or Ibsession?—When will Mr. Henry Arthur (with or without his "lost Jones") give us another good, rousing melodrama or sparkling comedy, or Mr. Arthur Wing Pinero oblige with a farce or straightforward domestic comedy? People go to invertebrate musical pieces because they are fairly sure of laughing during the evening. They sometimes go to melodramas because they will be fired to enthusiasm or touched to tears by cheap but effective clap-trap. But a study of the pathology of an ascetic requires a close attention that only students can bestow. And there are not many students.

In one respect, however, I think Mr. Jones's piece was unjustly assailed. He was charged with inconsistency in making his ascetic and pure-minded priest yield at once to a temptation that many ordinary and not too rigorous men of the world would have had strength to resist. But the critics who raise this objection can hardly have distinguished between the two varieties of ascetic. There is the healthy ascetic, whether religious or scientific, who denies himself indulgences of any kind simply because by temperament or absorption in his employment he does not think of such matters. Then there is the morbid ascetic, whose mind is always full of things that he ought not to do; who is constantly evoking temptations from his own inner consciousness, and dwelling with an unwholesome relish on the vices that he denies himself. Mr. Jones's priest is one of the latter class. He is cruel to the sinner, with the cruelty of fear. He cannot be lenient to the offence which he is secretly afraid of committing. He betakes himself, as did the hermits of old, to a desert island, to escape temptation, and finds, like them, that temptation follows him there. The man's attitude towards sin is that of abject "funk"; he has spent so much energy in combating imaginary dangers, that the real temptation finds him unable to resist.—MARMITON.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

RIVIERA FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

Of the good things prepared for the adornment of those who love the Riviera, and who—lucky folks!—can show their affection by promptly flying to the land of their devotion, there is, apparently, no end. At least, I have not arrived at it as yet, though I have just been pleasantly occupied in investigating, with most enthralled interest, the various and



particular "good things" in the way of garments which are being contributed by the Maison Jay to swell the list of living fashion-plates at the Riviera.

And almost on every page of this up-to-date book of fashion there has cropped up some member of the rapidly increasing family of "The New Sleeve"—sometimes it is of shirred chiffon, sometimes of lace; but it is generally transparent, and in every case it follows the outline of the arm with faithful closeness, though occasionally it is allowed to break out into a little soft foam of lace or chiffon at the wrist, while perhaps the line of the shoulder and the arm may be broken by a shoulder-cape in miniature, formed of many soft, small frills of accordion-pleated chiffon. Still, I am not in love with this same new sleeve, though my prejudices are, I must confess, gradually melting away. A whole regiment went down before the battery of charms of a gown which had tight sleeves of pale-blue glacé silk, veiled with softly shirred chiffon in an equally delicate shade of green, and finished at the wrists with two tiny chiffon frills, while two deeper frills, headed by a little upstanding ruche, fell from the shoulders.

These sleeves were wedged to a bodice of pale-heliotrope glacé, patterned with feathery sprays of green foliage and great satiny mauve leaves, and this was turned back from a full front of the green chiffon over the blue silk, with quaintly shaped revers of green satin, which boasted of a goodly number of entirely original buttons, small as to size, and flat as to shape—in a glittering combination of diamonds and burnished steel, finished with quaint little tabs encrusted with iridescent beads, which reproduced the colours of the dress.

Blue, green, and mauve—who but Messrs. Jay could have produced

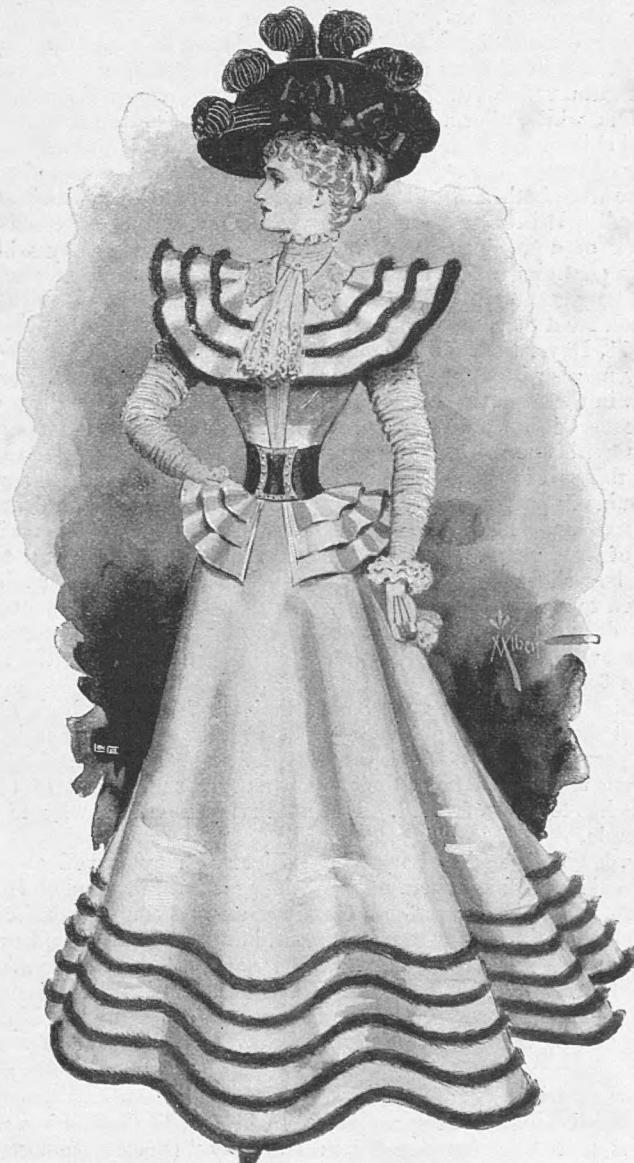
such a peculiar combination with such exquisite results? And Echo still queries "Who?"

And then this mental picture gives place to another, which I have captured for you in the form of a sketch. This will show you how a skirt of white satin is bordered with five rows of mink, and how the coat-bodice boasts of triple shoulder-capes, also edged with fur, and triple basques, guiltless of any such adornment. There is a deep black velvet waistband, too, drawn into a golden buckle; and some lovely old lace is used, in conjunction with plissé tulle, to form the jabot and the tiny vest, while it does solitary duty as the neck-band and the little turned-down collar.

As to the sleeves, they are of the lace, unlined, and softly drawn, with a narrow ruffling at the wrist.

Add a picture-hat of black velvet, with half-a-dozen ostrich feathers grouped round and about the upturned brim, and you have complete a costume which will infallibly create a sensation on all its walks abroad. It has another and an equally attractive aspect, when the same skirt is worn with a plain satin bodice, which is made beautiful by a Henri II. cape of sable, fastened to the shoulders by gold hooks and eyes of goodly size.

For those others who have not yet discarded their well-beloved full sleeves, there is the first dress sketched, where white again is the colour, though cloth, instead of satin, is the material. It has the plain, full skirt, and the open-fronted coat, with short, full basques, which we have known for long, but which Messrs. Jay manage to invest with the charm of absolute novelty, first by the original smartness of the piped seams—please note their arrangement both on coat and skirt—and then by the effectiveness of a narrow band of black Persian lamb, which borders the inside of the coat-fronts, and appears again on the quaintly shaped collar and revers, as a dividing-line between the tender-yellow velvet of which they are fashioned and the outer border of white cloth. A cascade jabot



of tulle and lace falls from the neck to the waist, and there are some goodly sized buttons of white enamel, bordered with gold, distributed with discretion about the coat.

A fitting crown to this ideal smartness is a hat which has its white satin brim veiled with white and black tulle, while, from the left side of the black velvet crown, a black-and-white Paradise osprey rises erect

from a *chou* of white satin, fastened with a flashing diamond ornament. Then some other equally lucky woman will wear a skirt of the palest tan cloth, with a bodice of white satin, brocaded with a raised design in ivory-white velvet, and wrought with gold and silver threads, the cuffs, collar, and revers being of white satin, overlaid with mellow-tinted lace. There is a deftly wired bow of the same lace at the throat, and then comes a lovely touch of colour in a deep, tightly drawn waistband, of bright but dark violet satin, fastened at the side with two flashing diamond buttons.

Or, again, imagine the delight of revelling in Riviera sunshine arrayed in a skirt of pink glaceé silk, and a bodice of white silk, brocaded with a design of wee pink roses. This has double revers of pink satin embroidered with silver, and is fastened with four silver buttons, though the waist-buckle is of gold.

Such dresses are not for the sojourners in London and the victims of the typical English weather; but even we can lift our eyes to a gown in the loveliest shade of terra-cotta, the skirt of the most wonderful satiny cloth, and the bodice of velvet, the slightly pouched front arranged over a yoke and tiny vest of white satin, covered with cream lace appliqué and insertion on black lisse; or, again, we might aspire to a bodice of white chiffon, with a little neck-ruffle of chiffon falling over a frill of satin, while the yoke, which is covered with butter-coloured lace, gives place in its turn to a great square collar of sparkling jet, bordered with cloudy frills of lace and chiffon. Such a bodice necessitates the possession of a black satin skirt; but, personally, I must own that, under any circumstances, I consider no woman's wardrobe complete unless it contains this most useful of all garments, which is able and willing to hold out the connecting-hook of friendship to any bodice.

And, while on the subject of skirts, I may tell you that Jay's newest and loveliest are plain and flat both at the back and in the front, till the hips are passed and left behind, at any rate; and then, in some mysteriously beautiful way, the fulness grows, apparently, out of nothing. This only applies, however, to the skirts of day-gowns; for evening wear they are fuller than ever, as witness one of black satin, which was gathered all round the waist, while waving lines of diamonds gleamed out from each fold, and gradually dwindled in size till, the knees being reached, they vanished altogether. An exceedingly quaint bodice was a fitting accompaniment to this skirt, the pointed front bedecked with half-a-dozen little bows, in each of which gleamed a little diamond buckle, while a drapery of net, which was one mass of jet and diamond embroidery, crossed the *décolletage*. This old-world quaintness brought up to date was in striking contrast to an entirely modern evening-dress of black satin, veiled with black lisse, which was sewn thickly with square jet sequins, while, after a triple ruching of chiffon, a deep flounce of jet-bordered chiffon fell from the knees, the chief feature of the bodice being a cluster of huge white tulle and black silk poppies with diamond centres.

These were both destined for Monte Carlo, that magnet which attracts to itself all that is smartest in the way of dress; and as one cannot have too much of a good thing, or be satiated with the variety which is certainly charming when dress is in question, I shall have something more to tell you about Riviera fashions next week, for Kate Reily has just come back from Paris, and I am promising myself a treat in the shape of a visit to 11, Dover Street, and a sight of all her new and lovely creations, a goodly number of which, she tells me, are destined for the Riviera.

And, in the meantime, it seems that the sole aim and object of the brief gleams of sunshine to which we here in London are treated, is to show up, with uncompromising clearness, all the smuts and smoke and various things of darkness which our household gods in general, and our curtains in particular, have carefully collected during the last three or four months. I must admit that, after living on the heights with the glories of Riviera gowns, it is somewhat hard to climb down to such prosaic household realities as curtains; but clean, fresh curtains are calculated to make life in London more bearable than smutty ones, and I have duly ordered and obtained a supply of frilled butter-muslin window-coverings from Gorringe and Co., of Nottingham, at the modest outlay of 6s. 9d. a pair.

And for this sum, you must know, they are frilled on both sides as well as at the bottom, so genuine delight at this discovery has led to a careful perusal of Messrs. Gorringe's picture-book of curtains, and a consequent resolve to call in their aid whenever the subject of curtains or blinds has to be considered. I think that you will be wise to follow my example.

Now, having broached household subjects, I may as well own up to having made a mistake when, some weeks ago, I recommended Hill and Sons' rich cakes. The cakes were and are all that could be desired, and the recommendation was perfectly correct, but the address I find was not. It should have been Messrs. Hill and Sons, Tudno Cake Factory, Ashton-under-Lyne, and it is there that you should send your three penny stamps for three free samples of the firm's famous cakes. An illustrated price-list and the name of the nearest agent will be included.—FLORENCE.

For small nibblers at great subjects, Mr. A. D. Godley has written "Socrates and Athenian Society in His Day" (Seeley), addressing it specially to those "who do not wish to be debarred altogether from an acquaintance with Greek literature by their ignorance of the Greek language." It is the man as he lived and spoke and taught in Athens that is represented specially, rather than the ideas of the philosopher, though these, of course, cannot be omitted. And Mr. Godley, carefully sifting the evidence from Plato, Xenophon, and Aristophanes about Socrates, has built up a vivid picture of a man and a town. It is one of the best recent examples of popularising the classics.

THE LOST PORTRAITS OF PURCELL.

The bicentenary commemoration of Purcell has led to many keen researches into all matters pertaining to his almost-forgotten life and work. One of the most fascinating investigations—because it covered the field of painting as well as music—has been the attempts to identify the supposed portraits of Purcell, and discover some of those which have been lost. Rumours that one of these was in the private collection of a gentleman in Nottingham led a representative of *The Sketch* to visit the Midland town and seek an interview with Mr. G. H. Wallis, the Director of the Municipal Art Gallery.

"When the picture was brought to me," he said, "we could find no mark indicating either artist or subject. The picture had been in Nottingham a number of years, and had always been understood to be a portrait of Purcell. We worked on this slender basis, and endeavoured to identify the work with that of one or another of the English painters of Purcell's period. While various experts were hazarding conjectures, the picture was cleaned and minutely examined, and then we discovered a distinct signature, 'Louis Volders pinxit 1698.'"

"That was something definite as to the painter, at any rate, providing the signature was genuine."

"Yes, and there is no doubt it is genuine. Volders is a well-known Flemish painter, most of whose pictures are at Brussels and Louvain. We submitted the picture to the experts in Brussels, and they pronounced it to be an undoubted and very fine specimen of his work. We now knew the painter, but the fact that he was a foreigner and that the picture was dated three years after Purcell's death seemed to throw doubts upon the tradition that it was a portrait of him."

"Whose portrait was it, then?"

"That was the question we set ourselves to solve. The authorities at Brussels, proud of the picture, took up the inquiry with the greatest courtesy and enthusiasm. For several weeks they searched and compared the picture with others, and at last came the startling reply: 'Is it not your English Purcell, of Westminster Abbey fame?'"

"What was the basis of this suggestion?"

"Nothing more, I suppose, than the likeness of this picture to the authenticated portraits of Purcell. There are three undoubted portraits still in existence. They differ much from one another, and this differs somewhat from all of them, but it does not differ from any so much as they differ from each other. Here are copies of the well-known portraits by Closterman, Kneller, and the 'Burney' picture, and here is the Volders picture. You see the close resemblance, the same large, beautiful eyes; the chin, the mouth, the striking forehead; and, above all, those large, delicate, musicianly hands, and the curiously graceful, long, tapering forefinger, which is so prominent in two of the undoubted portraits of the composer."

"It is surely a strong and undoubted likeness. Where is your difficulty in acknowledging it? Is it the date?"

"No, the date is a small matter. The picture would be dated when it was finished and sold, and it may well have been in the studio a couple of years. The picture being dated after Purcell died would not destroy the value of any direct proof. But that is what we lack. We do not know that Volders ever painted a portrait of Purcell."

"Nor that he didn't, I suppose?"

"No. We don't know who painted several of the lost portraits of Purcell. But we don't know that Purcell ever went to Flanders or that Volders ever came to England."

"Nor, again, that they didn't, I suppose?"

"No. Practically, nothing is known about the movements of either Purcell or Volders. The biographies of Purcell are merely based upon official records of the payments of his salary, the rates of the houses he occupied, his marriage, death, and such dry bones of a life's history. He had his portrait painted several times, but there is no record except the pictures, and he may have sat another score of times in either England or Flanders, but we don't know that he did."

"But cannot these points be cleared up?"

"Well, they are more questions for the students of history than for a humble student of old pictures. It is a mystery for you literary gentlemen to unravel if you can."



IS THIS PURCELL?

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Feb. 10.

THE PAUSE IN SPECULATION.

For the moment there is a pause in speculation all round the House, the various Stock Markets simply marking time, with prices losing to-morrow what they gain to-day. This is the most unsatisfactory state of affairs that a Stock Exchange can experience, for it pleases neither the "bulls" nor the "bears," and paralyses business altogether. But we do not think the public can possibly hold off much longer, and we are prepared to see a sudden revival any day. The markets are ripe for a rise, and the public wants only a little encouragement to come forward with a rush.

What has caused the present halt is easily seen when one comes to examine the position. Speculators were glutted with profits during the mining boom of 1894-5, and felt it a terrible shock to find most of their gains wiped out by the subsequent smash. The political scares kept them in a nervous state for some time, and then, when the sky cleared, they plunged into the markets again simply to show their joy. But after the losses they had suffered at the end of last year, operators had not the old pluck or the old confidence; and, after a day or two of general buoyancy, they have stopped to think over the situation. They are still rather apprehensive about the political outlook, and, like a burned child who dreads the fire, they want to hear something very convincing before they venture on any extensive buying. Thus the blithesome rally we saw the other day seems to have fizzed out like a damp squib.

It would be a great mistake, however, to allow this check to discourage one. It is only natural, and, we may add, it is also desirable. After the experience of this winter, the motto of speculators ought to be *Festina lente*, and the improvement in markets will be all the surer for the deliberate way in which it is being led up to at present. But, at the same time, we do not think the public need worry itself any longer about politics. That sort of thing is over and done with for the time being. The excitement was very strong while it lasted, but it has worked itself off rapidly. The German Emperor is now as gentle as a lamb, and surprised at the very suggestion of trouble with this country, while the President of the Venezuelan Commission appointed by Mr. Cleveland to tell Lord Salisbury what he must do and what he must not, has submitted his programme with such a soft coo that we are left wondering why there was ever any feeling about such a harmless amusement as the Monroe Doctrine. Finally, Jameson and his men have been duly sent a-packing from the Transvaal, and all is quiet there. Our Flying Squadron, in short, is left asking disconsolately, "Whither, O whither, shall I fly?"

All we want now is somebody to take a strong lead for the public to follow; and it is in the Mining Market that this lead is likely to be given. The Cape capitalists are yearning for a renewal of the Kaffir "boom," and they are not likely to hold off much longer. It is suggested in many quarters—indeed, "suggested" is too mild a way of putting it—that the Uitlanders' abortive rising was fomented and financed by certain of these financiers, who saw in it an excellent chance for making money, first as "bears" and then as "bulls." Knowing what was to be done, they sold all their holdings in the later stage of the "boom," and then sold "bears" at the top, this heavy selling being the explanation of the collapse that took place. Such is the story going about, and there is every reason to believe that there is a good deal of truth in it. We do not go so far as to say that the attempted revolt was arranged as a mere market move; but there can be little doubt that the insiders did not neglect to operate on the market in view of the effect the action of the Uitlanders would produce on prices. They would have been very guileless and stupid business men if they had not acted on their special knowledge.

But now that the heavy fall they expected has duly come off, the very men who were sufficiently shrewd and well-informed to score off the collapse are the support of the market. The reason why Kaffirs have displayed so much strength during the past three weeks is simply because of the repurchases going on. The contango rates show that the short interest is even yet considerable, but it is being gradually reduced day by day. Simultaneously buying for the rise is growing gradually in volume, and it requires only the throwing of one large buying order on the market to make the whole Kaffir list bound upwards. The dealers are short of shares, the real holders will not part with them; and, as the *Standard* has aptly said, the market is "taut as a drum." If the public were wise, it would not wait until the "bears" have bought back all their shares, but would hasten to buy now, thus accelerating the advance and establishing a better level before the Rand output improves again. That the January one will be very poor is a foregone conclusion, as all this political trouble in the Transvaal—the soldiering, haranguing, and agitation—has interfered very greatly with the work of the mines, and has rendered very acute that scarcity of labour which was causing a good deal of anxiety before the Uitlander question was on the carpet. Under cover of the knowledge that the yield will be bad, the "bears" are quietly endeavouring to reverse their speculations, and we think the wise thing to do is to join them in their purchases. When they have got back all their shares, and laid in a "bull" supply besides, there will be such a jubilant hoisting of the market that the public will not have a chance of getting in at anything like present prices.

MORE RAILWAY RESULTS.

As the railway dividend announcements are made, and the reports come out, the evidence becomes stronger in support of the bullish view

we expressed last week as to the outlook for Home Railways. There is not a single instance of a lower dividend than for the second half of 1894, and in most cases the net revenue allows of a welcome addition to the former rate.

The Great Eastern report is even more satisfactory than the dividend itself. Four per cent. against 2½ per cent. was good enough without explanation in detail; but, as recent dividends have depended to a large extent on contributions from the Contingent Fund, they have not represented fairly the earning powers of the line. This time, however, as the report shows, not only is the dividend increased from 2½ to 4 per cent. per annum, but there is given back to the Contingent Fund £18,000 of the drafts upon it during the period when capital was being expended to such an enormous extent to provide adequate terminal facilities.

Railway managers are about the best judges of the trade outlook. They have special facilities for keeping themselves well informed on that subject, and it may always be taken as a good sign when we find them launching out into expenditure on rolling-stock, improvement of stations, &c., *out of revenue*. In bad times they are apt to be hauled over the coals by militant shareholders if they adopt such a policy. But when the chairman can see his way to stating in his half-yearly speech that the prospects of increased traffic justified him and his co-directors in incurring expenditure on revenue account to provide a prospective increase, it means that things are looking up. So we read the statement of the South-Eastern Railway Board, to which prominence is given in the opening paragraph that, "of the increase of £24,000 in working expenditure, nearly the whole amount has been spent in the improvement of the line and stations and upon extra renewals of rolling-stock."

In various parts of the report there is evidence that the directors now realise the necessity of catering properly for the public. The reform will take time, but the present Board do not seem enamoured of the policy which led people to advertise for houses "on a gravel soil, and not on the South-Eastern Railway." The expenditure on "Repairs of Stations and Buildings" was, for the second half of 1895, nearly double that for the corresponding period of 1894, and the directors have invested in a lot of passenger rolling-stock, which is badly needed.

A pleasant surprise was given to the Market by the Chatham Company's announcement. There was no question as to the full distribution for the half-year on the Arbitration Preference. That went without saying for the six months to Dec. 31. But an increase of £30,000 in the balance carried forward for final adjustment at the end of the company's year, which is fixed as June 30, is practically equal to a dividend at the rate of 1 per cent. per annum on this stock, and, as it has almost always gone short of its full rate in the June half-year, the significance of the advance in net earnings will not be overlooked.

The South-Western also has increased its dividend rate from 7½ to 7¾ per cent., and better results than in 1894 are expected on most of the other railways. That the industrial lines, as distinct from the passenger lines, which generally make their dividend announcements first, will do as well as the others is probable. The Barry dividend of 10 per cent. is the same as last year, but that of the Rhymney is 8½, as compared with 8 last year. The North-Eastern does no better than in 1894, but it does as well; and when the report comes out, it will be interesting to see what were the special causes of that company's comparatively small increase either in gross or net earnings.

Everything points to the current half-year being a good one for our Home Railways. Trade is improving, passenger traffic is rapidly developing, the public is on the look-out for progressive investments at home, and each railway report as it comes out is accentuating the feeling that Home Rails are the things to buy by the people who want something "with an outlook," and, at the same time, with a substantial basis.

PADDINGTON CONSOLS.

As we expected, the meeting of the Paddington Consols Company passed off in a most satisfactory manner; the chairman is so cautious that no heroics were to be expected from him, but the information which he had to give was of the most encouraging nature. Shafts have been sunk on half-a-dozen of the company's leases, and have reached depths varying between two hundred and thirty feet on Reison's Reward to sixty feet on the Paddington lease. Good ore has been found, especially in the latter property, and a plentiful supply of *fresh* water has been struck in the deepest shaft. This is not a bad record for four months' work, and reflects great credit on everybody connected with the enterprise, especially when the directors were able to add that the hauling and pumping machinery was already delivered on the mine, and that a twenty-stamp battery had been ordered. Everything points to a prosperous and successful future.

On the following page we give a portrait of Mr. Charles Kaufman, the Consulting Engineer of the West Australian Exploring and Finance, the London and Globe Finance Corporation, and the Paddington Consols Company. The progress made is due more to Mr. Kaufman's exertions on the spot than to the labours of any other single man.

Next week we hope to give an interview with Mr. George Gray, of Hannan's Proprietary Company.

At this moment we know few more attractive speculations than the shares of the London and Globe Corporation, which, in connection with the West Australian Exploring and Finance, is about to bring out three new companies, and we understand that all the shares, and more, will be wanted for the shareholders in the parent companies, so that outsiders will get no allotments at all. After this operation, we think there will be an amalgamation of the two parent companies.

OTHER WEST AUSTRALIAN MINES.

Burbank's crushing of 130 tons for 584 ounces rushed the shares up to $1\frac{1}{2}$ on Monday, but they have dropped back a little through profit-taking. The return is first-rate, and the steady improvement in each fortnight's output shows that Professor Nicholas has not started with a higher class of ore than he can maintain. We have unbounded faith in

the future of this property, and are satisfied that those of our readers who have bought and locked-up shares will do well—very well—out of them as soon as the new battery is at work.

Hannan's Oroya, another company which we have already recommended, is likely to have another rise as soon as or before the "boom" comes, and, when shares in such a well-proved piece of ground can be bought at par, we prefer to recommend them to advising subscriptions for new ventures.

We hear that the crushing at Hannan's Brown Hill has had to be postponed, from some defects in the machinery, but that the Lady Loch crushing is on now. We

noticed that a favourable cablegram about the Menzies Golden Age mine was posted in the House to-day. It will appear in Monday's papers.

Not only from the Coolgardie district do we hear good accounts, but, according to the latest news from the Pilbara goldfield, rich finds seem to be the order of the day. For miles along the Bulletin line of reef at Bamboo Creek, we understand, properties have been pegged off in consequence of the rich crushings from the Bulletin Mine itself, which have so far impressed people on the spot that a shaft has been started by a company, backed with English capital, to cut the reef at about one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet, at which depth it is said to be leaving the outcrop company's claim. We hear also that the premier mine of the North-West, called the "Bamboo Queen," is about to be offered on the London market, but we shall have more to say about it when we know the capital and suchlike details.

WEST AUSTRALIA AND AFRICA.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," and undoubtedly the present disturbed state of the Transvaal will turn out to the advantage of either Rhodesia or Western Australia. The very flower of the mining engineers and managers on the Rand are at this instant languishing in Pretoria Jail, and it is certain that a fine and expulsion from the country will be the punishment of a good many of them. Now the Rand has been made by the labours of these men, and they are undoubtedly the first living experts on gold and gold-mining, so that it will be fortunate for Western Australia if they have to find shelter on her shores. Such men as Hays, Hammond, G. Richards, Perkins, and hosts of others, could do more for Coolgardie, Hannan's, Menzies, Mount Margaret, and the other fields, than any quantity of misdirected capital, and where any of them go, there will be no lack of necessary funds to support them.

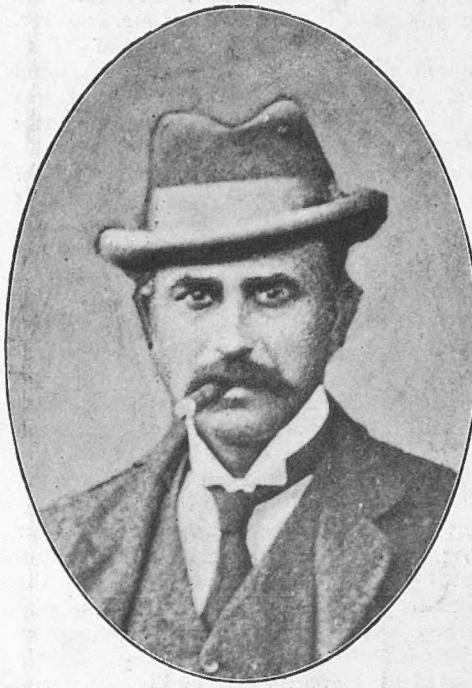
COMPANY AND OTHER ISSUES OF THE WEEK.

The following prospectuses have reached us—

BRIGHOUSE CORPORATION THREE PER CENT. REDEEMABLE STOCK.—The Brighouse Corporation offer £100,000 of this stock by tender, the minimum price being 102. As Brighouse has only a population of 15,571, and is in nowise a notable place, we cannot recommend its 3 per cent. stock at any such price as 102. It would be more reasonable to offer it at 92.

THE SWANSEA HARBOUR TRUST is more reasonable. It offers for tender £100,000 $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. terminable mortgage debentures at a minimum of par. They seem well secured.

THE LADY EMILY GOLD-MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, with a capital of £75,000 and a strong directorate, has been formed to purchase for £50,000 (half in cash and half in shares) the "Lady Emily" Gold-Mining Lease (No. 532) of thirteen acres, situated about two miles from Coolgardie. The reef, which has been proved to a depth of sixty-two feet, varies in width from two to four feet, and "gives a mill result of 3 oz. gold to the ton," according to the cabled report of Messrs. H. T. Rowe, M.E., and Mr. Robert James, M.E. This reef appears to be the same as the rich reef being worked in the adjoining "Regina" claim, besides which, there seems some probability that the valuable "Lady Loch" Reef may extend into the "Lady Emily" claim. There is a good prospect of water.



MR. CHARLES KAUFMAN.

THE VICTORIA REEF GOLD-MINE, LIMITED (Mount Jackson, Western Australia), is another gold-mining company with a capital of £75,000, formed to purchase, for £55,000, seventeen acres in a very out-of-the-way part of the Yilgarn Goldfields—a hundred miles north of Southern Cross. There is a favourable report by a Mr. W. H. Nicholas, of the "School of Mines, Ballarat" (who must not be confused with the well-known Professor Nicholas), but we confess we are not favourably impressed. The prospectus says that some newspaper reported last June that water was struck at a depth of 110 feet on the property, and "this has since been confirmed by cable from F. W. Prell and Co.;" but, strangely enough, Mr. Nicholas's report, made four months later, makes no mention even then of a sinking as deep as 110 feet, and, on the crucial question of water, he confines himself to the vaguest generalities.

BOROUGH OF HASTINGS, Issue of Four per Cent. Redeemable First Mortgage Bonds, authorised by the Hastings Harbour Act, 1890.—These bonds are secured as a first charge on the whole of the undertaking of the Hastings Harbour Works, for the construction and equipment of which the money is required. Judging from the facts set forth in the prospectus, we do not see why this should not become a very solid security. The town of Hastings, with St. Leonards adjoining, includes a very large and growing population, and there should be a very considerable traffic attracted to the harbour when completed.

THE EXPLOITERS AND INVESTORS' TRUST, LIMITED, wants the British public to provide it with £24,000, the balance of the £25,000 capital being in Deferred, or Founders' Shares, which "have been applied for and allotted in full." The proposed business of the concern may be gathered not only from its name, but from the fact that the prospectus is headed in large capitals "THE WEST AUSTRALIAN BOOM HAS COMMENCED." This prospectus has not reached us in the ordinary way; it has been handed to us by the widow of a country clergyman (who died last year), and was addressed to the suburban home which she has made since her husband's death. Possibly more experienced "exploiters and investors" than clergymen's widows may not appreciate the attractiveness of a proposal that they should find 96 per cent. of a gambling fund, largely for the benefit—if the gamble prove successful—of the astute gentlemen who find the remaining 4 per cent.

Saturday, Jan. 25, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

S. D. R.—Well, we think it a swindle, and the whole group of Bendigo mines with which it is associated. As you are in, you may as well "sit tight," and see it out; but look upon it as a bad debt. We don't like the second mine named by you, but it has a reasonable prospect. We advise you to sell, and put the money into Hannan's Oroya or Burbanks.

R. C.—We wrote to you on the 23rd, and hope our letter may lead to business.

PROVINCIAL.—(1) We should not advise dealings. (2) The company has had a chequered career, and as an investment we should not like to recommend them. (3) Imperial Continental Gas Stock, North-Eastern Consols, or City of Wellington Waterworks Loan.

B. 21.—We would not buy these shares if the money were our own. The people after whom the business takes its name have been connected with too many unsuccessful affairs.

SWEETS.—The Automatic Sweetmeat Company is doing very well, and the takings show increases every week, but they distribute too much of their profits in dividends instead of putting by a big reserve. The shares are a fair speculative industrial investment.

AULUS.—(1) We believe the concern to be a fair mining risk which comes from good hands. (2) We should hold until they recover the dividend, which, with the present Home Railway "boom" on, will probably happen in a few weeks.

J. H. H.—We answered your letter and sent back your papers on the 21st instant.

A. O. P.—(1) See this week's "Notes." (2) If you think the late events on the Rand will not seriously damage the gold-mining industry, buy New Primrose or Bonanzas. (3) See answer to "Provincial."

SOUTH AMERICA.—The "tip" which all the knowing ones are following is to buy Santa Fé and Reconquista Railway bonds at about 24. We know people on the Committee are all buying, and, for a speculative lock-up, you might do worse than follow their example.

ABERDEEN.—We wish your writing was not so dreadfully hard to read. (1) London and Globe Finance Corporation is the best buy among the West Australian Finance Companies. (2) Hannan's Oroya, Mainland Consols, or Hannan's Reward. (3) Do not touch the "tout's" tips you mention. (4) Associated Gold-Mines of Western Australia are worth buying.

VICTIM.—(1) Unless there is another side to the story, you have been very badly treated. Put a solicitor on to the people. Yours is not the first complaint we have had, and, in two cases, a solicitor whom we have recommended has got money out of them. (2) We will send you the name of the lottery-bond dealers if you will comply with Rule 5. City of Brussels $2\frac{1}{2}$ bonds are as good a buy as any.

A. V. T.—We answered your letter on Jan. 23.

Mrs. P. Ditto.

J. F. R.—We will answer your inquiries when you comply with Rule 5, for we cannot give brokers' names in the paper.

OPEN MIND.—We advise you not to touch East Wealth of Nations Gold Company's shares. When directors send circulars to all the world, while professing to address them to their own shareholders, we always suspect that the company or the vendor is trying to sell shares. Why should the company send you and ourselves circulars unless they want our money? And, if they do, why don't they say so, and ask for it?

E. D.—The shares in gold-mining companies should be regarded as speculations rather than "investments." We think very well of the three companies you name, as speculations, especially the first two.

A. T.—Let us see the list, and we will let you know. We cannot trace your letter of Dec. 11. We received one from you on the same subject dated Dec. 19, which (as there were no "City Notes" in our Christmas Week Number) was very fully answered under your *nom de guerre* of "Auld Willie" in our issue of the 1st inst.

P. M.—We wrote to you on Saturday, and when we have completed our inquiries as to the companies we will write again.

J. N.—We returned your papers and wrote you fully on Saturday.